SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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The Writing of Fiction

BY EDITH WHARTON

IN GENERAL

I

TO treat of the practice of fiction is to deal with the newest, most fluid and least formulated of the arts. The exploration of origins is always fascinating; but the attempt to relate the modern novel to the tale of Joseph and his Brethren is of purely historic interest.

Modern fiction really began when the "action" of the novel was transferred from the street to the soul; and this step was probably first taken when Madame de Lafayette, in the seventeenth century, wrote a little story called "La Princesse de Clèves," a story of hopeless love and mute renunciation in which the stately tenor of the lives depicted is hardly ruffled by the exultations and agonies succeeding each other below the surface.

The next advance was made when the protagonists of this new inner drama were transformed from conventionalized puppets—the hero, the heroine, the villain, the heavy father and so on—into breathing and recognizable human beings. Here again a French novelist—the Abbé Prévost—led the way with "Manon Lescaut"; but his drawing of character seems summary and schematic when his people are compared with the first great figure in modern fiction—the appalling "Neveu de Rameau." It was not till long after Diderot's death that the author of so many brilliant tales peopled with eighteenth century puppets was found, in the creation of that one sordid, cynical and desolately human figure, to have anticipated not only Balzac but Dostoievsky.

But even from "Manon Lescaut" and the "Neveu de Rameau," even from Lesage, Defoe, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson and Scott, modern fiction is differentiated by the great dividing geniuses of Balzac and Stendhal. Save for that one amazing accident of Diderot's, Balzac was the first not only to see his people, physically and morally, in their habit as they lived, with all their personal hobbies and infirmities, and make the reader see them, but to draw his dramatic action as much from the relation of his characters to their houses, streets, towns, professions, inherited habits and opinions, as from their fortuitous contacts with each other.

Balzac himself ascribed the priority in this kind of realism to Scott, from whom the younger novelist avowedly derived his chief inspiration. But, as Balzac observed, Scott, so keen and direct in surveying the rest of his field of vision, became conventional and hypocritical when he touched on love and women. In deference to the wave of prudery which overswept England after the vulgar excesses of the Hanoverian court he substituted sentimentality for passion, and reduced his heroines to "Keepsake" insipidities; whereas in the firm surface of Balzac's realism there is hardly a flaw, and his women, the young as well as the old, are living people, as much compact of human contradictions and torn with human passions as his misers, his financiers, his priests or his doctors.

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Stendhal, though as indifferent as any eighteenth century writer to atmosphere and "local colour," is intensely modern and realistic in the individualizing of his characters, who were never types (to the extent even of some of Balzac's) but always sharply differentiated and particular human beings. More distinctively still does he represent the new fiction by his insight into the springs of social action. No modern novelist has ever gone nearer than Racine did in his tragedies to the sources of personal, of individual feeling; and some of the French novelists of the eighteenth century are still unsurpassed (save by Racine) in the last refinements of individual soul-analysis. What was new in both Balzac and Stendhal was the fact of their viewing each character first of all as a product of particular material and social conditions, as being thus or thus because of the calling he pursued or the house he lived in (Balzac), or the society he wanted to get into (Stendhal), or the acre of ground he coveted, or the powerful or fashionable personage he aped or envied (both Balzac and Stendhal). These novelists (with the solitary exception of Defoe, when he wrote "Moll Flanders") are the first to seem continuously aware that the bounds of a personality are not reproducible by a sharp black line, but that each of us flows imperceptibly into adjacent people and things.

The characterization of all the novelists who preceded these two masters seems, in comparison, incomplete or immature. Even Richardson's seems so, in the most penetrating pages of "Clarissa Harlowe," even Goethe's in that uncannily modern novel, the "Elective Affinities"—because, in the case of these writers, the people so elaborately dissected are hung in the void, unvisualized and unconditioned (or almost) by the special outward circumstances of their lives. They are subtly analyzed abstractions of humanity, to whom only such things happen as might happen to almost any one in any walk of life—the inevitable eternal human happenings.

Since Balzac and Stendhal, fiction has reached out in many new directions, and made all sorts of experiments; but it has never ceased to cultivate the ground they cleared for it, or gone back to the realm of abstractions. It is still, however, an art in the making, fluent and dirigible, and combining a past full enough for the deduction of certain general principles with a future rich in untried possibilities.

II

On the threshold of any theory of art its exponent is sure to be asked: "On what first assumption does your theory rest?" And in fiction, as in every other art, the only answer seems to be that any theory must begin by assuming the need of selection.

It seems curious that even now—and perhaps more than ever—one should have to explain and defend what is no more than the rule underlying the most artless verbal statement. No matter how restricted an incident one is trying to give an account of, it cannot but be fringed with details more and more remotely relevant, and beyond that with an outer mass of irrelevant facts which may crowd on the narrator simply because of some accidental propinquity in time or space. To choose between all this material is the first step toward coherent expression.

A generation ago this was so generally taken for granted that to state it would have seemed pedantic. In every-day intercourse the principle survives in the injunction to stick to the point; but the novelist who applies—or owns up to applying—this rule to his art, is nowadays accused of being absorbed in technique to the exclusion of the supposedly contrary element of "human interest."

Even now, the charge would hardly be worth taking up had it not lately helped to refurbish the old trick of the early French "realists," that group of brilliant writers who invented the once-famous *tranche de vie*, the exact photographic reproduction of a situation or an episode, with all its sounds, smells, aspects, realistically rendered, but with its deeper relevance and its suggestions of a larger whole either unconsciously missed or purposely left out. Now that half a century has elapsed, one sees that those among this group of writers who survive are still readable in spite of their constricting theory, or in proportion as they

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forgot about it once they closed with their subject. Such are Maupassant, who packed into his brief masterpieces so deep a psychological significance and so sure a sense of larger relations; Zola, whose "slices" became the stuff of great romantic allegories in which the forces of Nature and Industry are the huge cloudy protagonists, as in a Pilgrim's Progress of man's material activities; and the Goncourts, whose French instinct for psychological analysis always made them seize on the more significant morsel of the famous slices. As for the pupils, the mere conscientious appliers of the system, they have all blown away with the theory, after a briefer popularity than writers of equal talent might have enjoyed had they not thus narrowed their scope. An instance in proof is Feydau's "Fanny," one of the few "psychological" novels of that generation, and a slight enough adventure in soul-searching compared with the great "Madame Bovary" (which it was supposed at the time to surpass), but still readable enough to have kept the author's name alive, while most of his minor contemporaries are buried under the unappetizing *débris* of their "slices."

It seemed necessary to revert to the slice of life because it has lately reappeared, marked by certain unimportant differences, and relabelled the stream of consciousness; and, curiously enough, without its new exponents' appearing aware that they are not also its originators. This time the theory seems to have sprung up first in England and America; but it has already spread to certain of the younger French novelists, who are just now, confusedly if admiringly, rather overconscious of recent tendencies in English and American fiction.

The stream of consciousness method differs from the slice of life in noting mental as well as visual reactions, but resembles it in setting them down just as they come, with a deliberate disregard of their relevance in the particular case, or rather with the assumption that their very unsorted abundance constitutes in itself the author's subject.

This attempt to note down every half-aware stirring of thought and sensation, the automatic reactions to every passing impression, is not as new as its present exponents appear to think. It has been used by most of the greatest novelists, not as an end in itself, but as it happened to serve their general design: as when their object was to portray a mind in one of those moments of acute mental stress when it records with meaningless precision a series of disconnected impressions.

The value of such "effects" in making vivid a tidal rush of emotion has never been unknown since fiction became psychological, and novelists grew aware of the intensity with which, at such times, irrelevant trifles impinge upon the brain; but they have never been deluded by the idea that the subconscious—that Betsy Harris of the psychologists—could in itself furnish the materials for their art. All the greatest, from Balzac and Thackeray onward, have made use of the stammerings and murmurings of the half-conscious mind whenever—but only when—such a state of mental flux fitted into the whole picture of the person portrayed. Their observation showed them that in the world of normal men life is conducted, at least in its decisive moments, on fairly coherent and selective lines, and that only thus can the great fundamental affairs of bread-getting and home-and-tribe organizing be carried on. Drama, situation, is made out of the conflicts thus produced, and the art of rendering life in fiction can never, in the last analysis, be anything, or need to be anything, but the disengaging of crucial moments from the welter of existence. These moments need not involve action in the sense of external events; they seldom have, since the scene of conflict was shifted from incident to character. But there must be something that *makes* them crucial, some recognizable relation to a familiar social or moral standard, some explicit awareness of the eternal struggle between man's contending impulses, if the tales embodying them are to fix the attention and hold the memory.

III

THE distrust of technique and the fear of being unoriginal—both symptoms of a certain lack of creative abundance—are in truth leading to pure anarchy in fiction, and one is almost tempted to say that in

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certain schools formlessness is now regarded as the first condition of form. Not long ago I heard a man of letters declare that Dostoievsky was superior to Tolstoi because his mind was "more chaotic," and he could therefore render more "truthfully" the chaos of the Russian mind in general; though how chaos can be apprehended and defined by a mind immersed in it, the speaker did not make clear.

The assertion, of course, was the result of confusing imaginative emotivity with its objective rendering. What the speaker meant was that the novelist who would create a given group of people or portray special social conditions must be able to identify himself with them; which is rather a long way of saying that an artist must have imagination. The chief difference between the merely sympathetic and the creative imagination is that the latter is two-sided, and combines with the power of penetrating into other minds that of standing far enough aloof from them to see beyond, and relate them to the whole stuff of life out of which they but partially emerge. Such an all-round view can be obtained only by mounting to a height; and that height, in art, is proportioned to the artist's power of detaching one part of his imagination from the particular problem in which the rest is steeped.

One of the causes of the confusion of judgment on this point is no doubt the perilous affinity between the art of fiction and the material it works in. It has been so often said that all art is representation —the giving back in conscious form of the shapeless raw material of experience— that one would willingly avoid insisting on such a truism. But while there is no art of which the saying is truer than of fiction, there is none which runs more danger of the axiom's being misinterpreted. To attempt to give back any fragment of life in painting or sculpture or music presupposes transposition, "stylization." To re-present in words is far more difficult, because the relation is so close between model and artist. The novelist works in the very material out of which the object he is trying to render is made. He must use, to express soul, the signs which soul uses to express itself. It is relatively easy to separate the artistic vision of an object from its complex and tangled actuality if one has to re-see it in paint or marble or bronze; it is infinitely difficult to render a human mind when one is employing the very word-dust with which thought is fashioned.

Still, the transposition does take place as surely, if not as obviously, in a novel as in a statue. If it did not, the writing of fiction would not be a work of art, a product of conscious ordering and selecting, and there would consequently be nothing to say about it, since there is no way of estimating æsthetically anything to which no standard of choice can be applied.

Another unsettling element in modern art is that common symptom of immaturity, the dread of doing what has been done before; for though one of the instincts of youth is imitation, another, equally imperious, is that of fiercely guarding against it. In this respect, the novelist of the present day is in danger of being caught in a vicious circle, for the insatiable demand for quick production tends to keep him in a state of perpetual immaturity, and the ready acceptance of his wares encourages him to think that no time need be wasted in studying the past history of his art, or in speculating on its principles. This conviction strengthens the belief that the so-called quality of "originality" may be impaired by too long brooding on one's theme and too close a commerce with the past; but the whole history of that past—in every domain of art—disproves this by what survives, and shows that every subject, to yield its full flavour, should be long carried in the mind, brooded upon, and fed with all the impressions and emotions which nourish its creator.

True originality consists not in a new manner but in a new vision. That new, that personal, vision is attained only by looking long enough at the object represented to make it the writer's own; and the mind which would bring this secret germ to fruition must be able to nourish it with an accumulated wealth of knowledge and experience. To know any one thing one must not only know something of a great many others, but also, as Matthew Arnold long since pointed out,

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a great deal more of one's immediate subject than any partial presentation of it includes; and Mr. Kipling's "What should they know of England who only England know?" might be taken as the symbolic watchword of the creative artist.

One is sometimes tempted to think that the generation which has invented the "fiction course" is getting the fiction it deserves. At any rate it is fostering in its young writers the conviction that art is neither long nor arduous, and perhaps blinding them to the fact that notoriety and mediocrity are often interchangeable terms. But though the trade-wind in fiction undoubtedly drives many beginners along the line of least resistance, and holds them there, it is far from being the sole cause of the present quest for short-cuts in art. There are writers indifferent to popular success, and even contemptuous of it, who sincerely believe that this line marks the path of the true vocation. Many people assume that the artist receives, at the outset of his career, the mysterious sealed orders known as "Inspiration," and has only to let that sovereign impulse carry him where it will. Inspiration does indeed come at the outset to every creator, but it comes most often as an infant, helpless, stumbling, inarticulate, to be taught and guided; and the beginner, during this time of training his gift, is as likely to misuse it as a young parent to make mistakes in teaching his first child.

There is no doubt that in this day of general "speeding up," the "inspiration" theory is seductive even to those who care nothing for easy triumphs. No writer—especially at the beginning of his career—can help being influenced by the quality of the audience that awaits him; and the young novelist may ask of what use are experience and meditation, when his readers are so incapable of giving him either. The answer is that he will never do his best till he ceases altogether to think of his readers (and his editor and his publisher) and begins to write, not for himself, but for that *other self* with whom the creative artist is always in mysterious correspondence, and who, happily, has an objective existence somewhere, and will some day receive the message sent to him, though the sender may never know it. As to experience, intellectual and moral, the creative imagination can make a little go a long way, provided it remains long enough in the mind and is sufficiently brooded upon. One good heart-break will furnish the poet with many songs, and the novelist with a considerable number of novels. But they must have hearts that can break.

Even to the writer least concerned with popularity it is difficult, at first, to defend his personality. Study and meditation contain their own perils. Counsellors intervene with contradictory advice and instances. In such cases these counsellors are most often other people's novels: the great novels of the past, which haunt the beginner like a passion, and the works of his contemporaries, which pull him this way and that with too-persuasive hands. His impulse, at first, will be either to shun them, to his own impoverishment, or to let his individuality be lost in theirs; but gradually he will come to see that he must learn to listen to them, take all they can give, absorb it into himself, and then turn to his own task with the fixed resolve to see life only through his own eyes.

Even then another difficulty remains; the mysterious discrepancy which sometimes exists between a novelist's vision of life and his particular kind of talent. Not infrequently an innate tendency to see things in large masses is combined with the technical inability to render them otherwise than separately, meticulously, on a small scale. Perhaps more failures than one is aware of are due to this particular lack of proportion between the powers of vision and expression. At any rate, it is the cause of some painful struggles and arid dissatisfactions; and probably the only remedy is always to abandon the larger for the smaller field, to narrow one's vision to one's pencil, and do the small thing closely and deeply rather than the big thing loosely and superficially. Of twenty subjects that tempt the imagination (subjects one sees one's self doing, oh so wonderfully, if only one were Mérimée or Maupassant, or Conrad or Mr. Kipling!) probably but one is "fit for the hand" of the limited person one happens to be; and to learn to renounce the others is a first step toward doing that particular one well.

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IV

THESE considerations have led straight to the great, the central, matter of subject; and inextricably interwoven with it are the subsidiary points of form and style, which ought, as it were, to spring naturally out of the particular theme chosen for representation.

Form might perhaps be defined as the order, in time and importance, in which the incidents of the narrative are grouped; and style as the way in which they are presented, not only in the narrower sense of language, but also, and rather, as they are grasped and coloured by their medium, the narrator's mind, and given back in his words. It is the quality of the medium which gives these incidents their quality; style, in this sense, is the most personal ingredient in the combination of things out of which any work of art is made. Words are the exterior symbols of thought, and it is only by their exact use that the writer can keep on his subject the close and patient hold which "fishes the murex up," and steeps his creation in unfading colours.

Style in this definition is discipline; and the self-consecration it demands, and the bearing it has on the whole of the artist's effort, have been admirably summed up by Marcel Proust in that searching chapter of "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs" where he analyzes the art of fiction in the person of the great novelist Bergotte. "The severity of his taste, his unwillingness to write anything of which he could not say, in his favourite phrase: '*C'est doux*' [harmonious, delicious], this determination, which had caused him to spend so many seemingly fruitless years in the 'precious' carving of trifles, was in reality the secret of his strength; for habit makes the style of the writer as it makes the character of the man, and the author who has several times contented himself with expressing his thought in an approximately pleasing way *has once and for all set a boundary to his talent, and will never pass beyond.*"

These definitions being established, and the preliminary need of the harmony between an author's talent and his argument being assumed, one is faced by the profounder problem of the inherent fitness of any given subject as material for the imagination.

It has been often said that subject in itself is all-important, and at least as often that it is of no importance whatever. Definition is again necessary before the truth can be extracted from these contradictions. Subject, obviously, is *what the story is about;* but whatever the central episode or situation chosen by the novelist, his tale will be about only just so much of it as he reacts to. A gold mine is worth nothing unless the owner has the machinery for extracting the ore, and each subject must be considered first in itself, and next in relation to the novelist's power of extracting from it what it contains. There are subjects trivial in appearance, and subjects trivial to the core; and the novelist ought to be able to discern at a glance between the two, and know in which case it is worth while to set about sinking his shaft. But the novelist may make mistakes. He is exposed to the temptation of the false good subject, and learns only by prolonged experience to resist surface-attractions, and probe his story to the depths before he begins to tell it.

There is still another way in which subject must be tested. Any subject considered in itself must first of all respond in some way to that mysterious need of a judgment on life of which the most detached human intellect, provided it be a normal one, cannot, apparently, rid itself. Whether the "moral" be present in the guise of the hero rescuing the heroine from the villain at the point of the revolver, or whether it lurk in the quiet irony of such a scene as Pendennis's visit to the Grey Friars' Chapel, and his hearing the choir singing "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," just as he discovers the bent head of Colonel Newcome among the pauper gentlemen—in one form or another, there must be some sort of rational response to the reader's unconscious but insistent inner question: "What am I being told this story for? What judgment on life does it contain for me?"

There seems to be no escape from this obligation except into a pathological world where the action, taking place be-

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tween people of abnormal psychology, and not keeping time with our normal human rhythms, becomes an idiot's tale, signifying nothing. In vain has it been attempted to set up a water-tight compartment between "art" and "morality." All the great novelists whose books have been used to point the argument have invariably declared themselves on the other side, not only by the inner significance of their work, but also, in some cases, by the most explicit statements. Flaubert, for instance, so often cited as the example of the writer viewing his themes in a purely "scientific" or amoral light, has disproved the claim by providing the other camp with that perfect formula: "*Plus la pensée est belle, plus la phrase est sonore*"—not the metaphor, not the picture, but *the thought*.

A good subject, then, must contain in itself something that sheds a light on our moral experience. If it is incapable of this expansion, this vital radiation, it remains, however showy a surface it presents, a mere irrelevant happening, a meaningless scrap of fact torn out of its context. Nor is it more than a half-truth to say that the imagination which probes deep enough can find this germ in any happening, however insignificant. The converse is true enough: the limited imagination reduces a great theme to its own measure. But the wide creative vision, though no fragment of human experience can appear wholly empty to it, yet seeks by instinct those subjects in which some phase of our common plight stands forth dramatically and typically, subjects which, in themselves, are a kind of summary or foreshortening of life's dispersed and inconclusive occurrences.

[Mrs. Wharton will write in coming numbers of "The Short Story" and "The Novel."]

I Sought You

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

I SOUGHT you but I could not find you, all night long
I called you, but you would not answer—all the night
I wandered over hill and valley, heaven was bright
With crowded stars, and I was calling you in many a song.

The road through wood and meadow rambled here and there:
Few were the travellers on that lonely road, and none
Had heard of you by wood or meadowland—not one
Had heard of you, or seen you passing anywhere.

At midnight, thirsting for your loveliness, I lay
Under the shadow of the leafy hill, and cried
Three times, calling upon your name. No voice replied . . .
The pebbly brooks went babbling, babbling, all the way.

The waters had a drowsy sound, the hills were steep—
My heart grew tired travelling; but there was no place
That suited me, and I was homesick for your face.
Dreaming of you, at the wood's edge I fell asleep.

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These are students coming from mass.

How many are in Rome we didn't find out. They must be legion. Coming from every country on the globe the types are wonderful and apparently the variety of gowns and cloaks worn is almost endless.

Italy

A SERIES OF SKETCHES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE soldier on the extreme left at the top of the opposite page is a blue devil, made famous by the war. The next gentleman is a guard connected with the customs at Modane—not actively if his pose meant anything. The one following is of the Italian customs guard. The fourth is French. With his automatic he looked extremely businesslike and not to be trifled with. The two heads are Italian railroad employees.

The cloaked figures below on the left are of the Italian police; Carabineri, in Genoa. Their custom of travelling in pairs is not for company, nor yet for protection, but for the sake of having a witness on hand in case of need. This information was given us by a competent person—or so we considered him. The Carabineri are part of the army and are young men serving their allotted military time.

Next them are two clerical members of the Catholic church. Italy certainly has her share of clerics. Some, no doubt, find the question of living a difficult one and get along on wofully short rations.

At the bottom of the page is a picture of public service in Florence. The law, the street cleaning department, postal delivery. All are picturesque but not snappy dressers.

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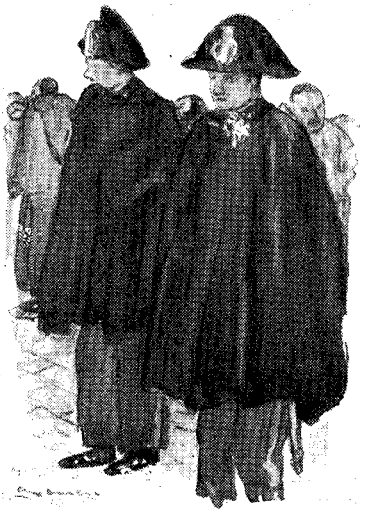

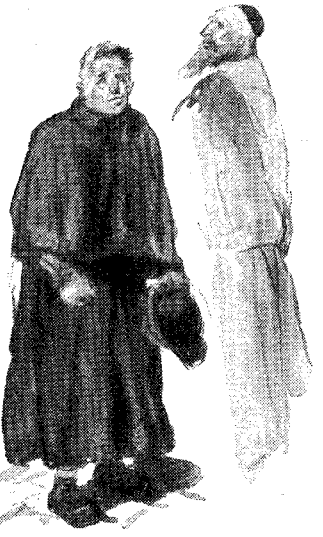

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A byway in Capri.

Almost all ways on the island are byways. There are two automobiles. Little open carriages with little horses to draw them take care of the needs, do the work of transportation for the visitors, and the drivers thereof are persistent drummers up of trade. A lovely place to loaf and one for the artist. These latter are in numbers and all use the same sort of recipe as to how to make a picture. Things don't seem quite so pretty as they like to make them. Nature is really more interesting.

No wonder the oranges seemed a bit sour. We sympathized with them in the brave struggle they were making against the inclement weather. We sometimes felt a bit sour ourselves when the so-called radiators with their toy brass service pipes gave up the effort to furnish heat and were only good to keep milk cool on. In some places I could keep warm enough to work by shutting myself in the bathroom with the tub full of hot water—rather moist heat, though.

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Another of Capri's winding ways.

Little shops and places where excellent wine can be had for a fraction of the hotel charges. To wander along the alleyways, wondering where they will lead, is fascinating. Spring had been detained when we were there. The cold was more severe than for forty years, and Vesuvius had a mantle of snow, which was unusual.

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Florence.

This is the doorway of the Palazzo Vecchio looking out on the piazza. On the left is the Loggia Dei Lanzi which contains numerous masterpieces of Italian sculpture, Benvenuto Cellini's "Perseus with the head of Medusa" being one of the finest. On the right is a copy of M. Angelo's "David," well-spoken of by most, but I thought it a bit bunchy. Not to the extent of our own "Civic Virtue," but still "bunchy."

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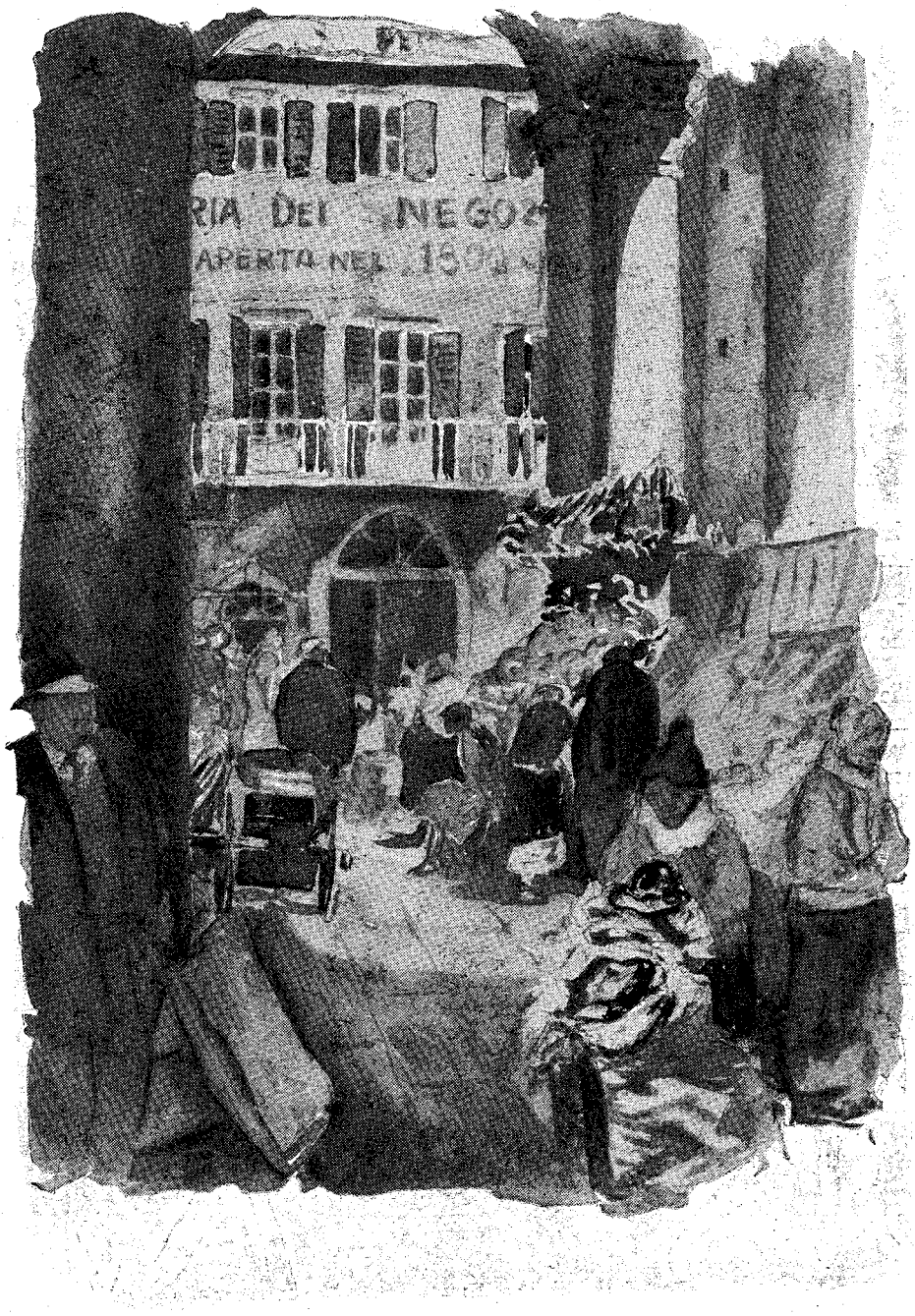

Florence.

An interesting market-place, always full of color, in which there is something new every day of the week. Hats made of fibre of various colors, linens, laces, etc. Cheap according to our standards. Eager women venders watch hungrily the prospective buyer, and only those hardened to bargaining and shopping can withstand their pleas.

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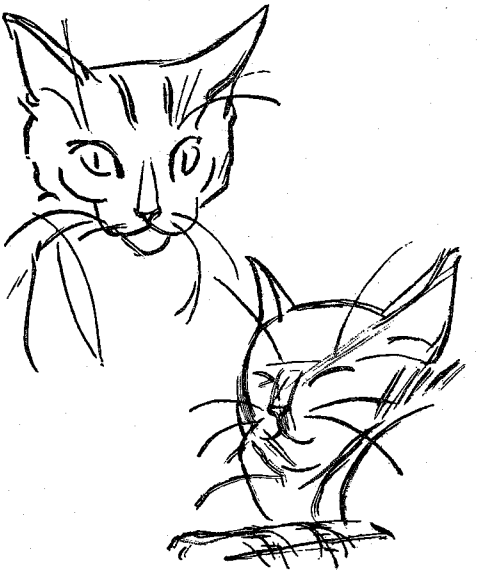
Melisande

BY ELLERY RAND

Drawings by Alice Harvey



We are preposterously fond
Of wise and haughty Melisande.

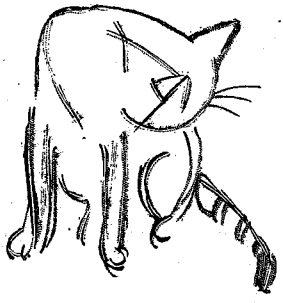
Though doubtful as to pedigree,
Her mien bespeaks gentility.

Her whiskers slant superbly down,
She wears a cold patrician frown.

She devastates all spools and strings
And other bright and moving things.

And when her dalliance is done,
She gravely sits and takes the sun.

Then, if there's nothing else to do,
She scrambles up the chimney flue.



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The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

XII

ORDEAL BY SHAREHOLDER

REPAIRING, next day, to the Aeroplane Club, where, notably spruce, Sir Lawrence was waiting in the lounge, Michael thought: "Good old Bart! he's got himself up for the guillotine!"

"That white piping will show the blood!" he said. "Old Forsyte's neat this morning, but not so gaudy."

"Ah! How is Old Forsyte? In good heart?"

"One doesn't ask him, sir. How do you feel yourself?"

"Exactly as I used to before the Eton and Winchester match. I think I shall have shandy-gaff at lunch."

When they had taken their seats, Sir Lawrence went on:

"I remember seeing a man tried for murder in Colombo; the poor fellow was positively blue. I think my favorite moment in the past, Michael, is Walter Raleigh asking for a second shirt. By the way, it's never been properly settled yet whether the courtiers of that day were lousy. What are you going to have, my dear fellow?"

"Cold beef, pickled walnuts, and gooseberry tart."

"Excellent for the character. I shall have curry; they give you a very good Bombay duck here. I rather fancy we shall be fired, Michael. '*Nous sommes trahis!*' used to be the prerogative of the French, but I'm afraid we're getting the attitude, too. The Yellow Press has made a difference."

Michael shook his head.

"We say it, but we don't act on it; the climate's too uncertain."

"That sounds deep. This looks very good curry—will you change your mind? Old Fontenoy sometimes comes in here; he has no inside. It'll be serious for him if we're shown the door."

"Deuced rum," said Michael suddenly, "how titles still go down. There can't be any belief in their business capacity."

"Character, my dear fellow—the good old English gentleman. After all, there's something in it."

"I fancy, sir, it's more a case of complex in the shareholders. Their parents show them a lord when they're young."

"Shareholders," said Sir Lawrence, "the word is comprehensive. Who are they, what are they, when are they?"

"This afternoon," said Michael, "and I shall have a good look at them."

"They won't let you in, my dear."

"No?"

"Certainly not."

Michael frowned.

"What paper," he said, "is sure not to be represented?"

Sir Lawrence gave his whinnying laugh.

"*The Field*," he said; "*The Horse and Hound; The Gardener's Weekly.*"

"I'll slide in on them."

"You'll see us die game, I hope," said Sir Lawrence, with sudden gravity.

They took a cab together to the meeting, but separated before reaching the door of the hotel.

Michael had thought better of the press, and took up a position in the passage, whence he could watch for a chance. Stout men, in dark suits, with a palpable look of having lunched off turbot, joints, and cheese, kept passing him. He noticed that each handed the janitor a paper. "I'll hand him a paper too," he thought, "and scoot in." Watching for some even stouter men, he took cover between two, and approached the door, with an announcement of "Counterfeits" in his left hand. Handing it across a neighboring importance, he was quickly into a seat. He saw the janitor's face poked round the door. "No, my friend,"

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The White Monkey" will be found on page 5 of the advertising section.

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thought Michael, "if you could tell duds from shareholders, you wouldn't be in that job!"

He found a report before him, and holding it up, looked at other things. The room seemed to him to have been got by a concert-hall out of a station waiting-room. It had a platform with a long table, behind which were seven empty chairs, and seven inkpots, with seven quill pens upright in them. "Quills!" thought Michael; "symbolic, I suppose—they'll all use fountain pens!"

Back centre of the platform was a door, and in front below it, a table, where four men were sitting, fiddling with note-books. "Orchestra," thought Michael. He turned his attention to the eight or ten rows of shareholders. They looked what they were, but he could not tell why. Their faces were cast in an infinity of moulds, but all had the air of waiting for something they knew they would not get. What sort of lives did they lead, or did their lives lead them? Nearly all wore mustaches. His neighbors to right and left were the same stout shareholders between whom he had slipped in; they both had thick lobes to their ears, and necks even broader than the straight, broad backs of their heads. He was a good deal impressed. Dotted here and there he noticed a woman, or a parson. There was practically no conversation, from which he surmised that no one knew his neighbor. He had a feeling that a dog somewhere would have humanized the occasion. He was musing on the color scheme of green picked out with chocolate and chased with gold, when the door behind the platform was thrown open, and seven men in black coats filed in, and with little bows took their seats behind the quills. They reminded him of people getting up on horses, or about to play the piano—full of small adjustments. That—on the chairman's right—would be old Fontenoy, with a face entirely composed of features. Michael had an odd conceit: a little thing in a white top-hat sat inside the brain, driving the features eight-in-hand. Then came a face straight from a picture of Her Majesty's Government in 1850, round and pink, with a high nose, a small mouth, and little white whiskers; while at the end on the right was a countenance whose jaw and eyes seemed boring into a conundrum beyond the wall at Michael's back. "Legal!" he thought. His scrutiny passed back to the chairman. Chosen? Was he—or was he not? A bearded man, a little behind on the chairman's left, was already reading from a book, in a rapid monotonous voice. That must be the secretary letting off his minute-guns. And in front of him was clearly the new manager, on whose left Michael observed his own father. The dark pothooks over Sir Lawrence's right eye were slightly raised, and his mouth was puckered under the cut line of his small mustache. He looked almost oriental, quick but still. His left hand held his tortoise-shell-rimmed monocle between thumb and finger. "Not quite in the scene!" thought Michael; "poor old Bart!" He had come now to the last of the row. "Old Forsyte" was sitting precisely as if alone in the world; with one corner of his mouth just drawn down, and one nostril just drawn up, he seemed to Michael quite fascinatingly detached; and yet not out of the picture. Within that still, neat figure, whereof only one patent-leather boot seemed with a slight movement to be living, was intense concentration, entire respect for the proceedings, and yet a queer contempt for them; he was like a statue of reality, by one who had seen that there was precious little reality in it. "He chills my soup," thought Michael, "but—dash it!—I can't help half admiring him!"

The chairman had now risen. "He *is*" —thought Michael; "no, he isn't—yes—no—I can't tell!" He could hardly attend to what the chairman said, for wondering whether he was chosen or not, though well aware that it did not matter a bit. The chairman kept steadily on. Distracted, Michael caught words and words: "European situation—misguided policy—French—totally unexpected—position disclosed—manager—unfortunate circumstances shortly to be explained to you—future of this great concern—no reason to doubt——"

"Oil," thought Michael, "he is—and yet——!"

"I will now ask one of your directors, Mr. Forsyte, to give you at first hand an account of this painful matter."

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Michael saw Soames, pale and deliberate, take a piece of paper from his breast pocket, and rise. Was it to the occasion?

"I will give you the facts shortly," he said in a voice which reminded Michael of a dry, made-up wine. "On the eleventh of January last I was visited by a clerk in the employ of the society——"

Familiar with these details, Michael paid them little attention, watching the shareholders for signs of reaction. He saw none, and it was suddenly borne in on him why they wore mustaches: they could not trust their mouths! Character was in the mouth. Mustaches had come in when people no longer went about, like the old Duke, saying: "Think what you damned well like of my character!" Mouths had tried to come in again, of course, before the war; but what with majors, shareholders, and the working classes, they now had little or no chance! He heard Soames say: "In these circumstances we came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to wait and see." Michael saw a sudden quiver pass over the mustaches, as might wind over grass.

"Wrong phrase," he thought; "we all do it, but we can't bear being reminded of it."

"Six weeks ago, however," he heard Soames intone, "an accidental incident seems to have warned your late manager that Sir Lawrence and I still entertained suspicions, for I received a letter from him practically admitting that he had taken this secret commission on the German business, and asking me to inform the Board that he had gone abroad and left no property behind him. This statement we have been at pains to verify. In these circumstances we had no alternative but to call you together, and lay the facts before you."

The voice, which had not varied an iota, ceased its recital; and Michael saw his father-in-law return to his detachment —stork on one leg, about to apply beak to parasite, could have inspired no greater sense of loneliness. "Too like the first account of the battle of Jutland!" he thought. "He mentioned all the losses, and never once struck the human note."

A pause ensued, such as occurs before an awkward fence, till somebody has found a gate. Michael rapidly reviewed the faces of the Board. Only one showed any animation. It was concealed in a handkerchief. The sound of the blown nose broke the spell. Two shareholders were on their feet at once—one of them Michael's neighbor on the right.

"Mr. Sawdry," said the chairman, and the other shareholder sat down.

With a sonorous clearing of the throat, Michael's neighbor pointed his blunt red face at Soames.

"I wish to ask you, sir, why you didn't inform the Board when you first 'eard of this?"

Soames rose slightly.

"You are aware, I presume, that such an accusation, unless it can be fully substantiated, is a matter for criminal proceedings?"

"No; it would ha' been privileged."

"As between members of the Board, perhaps; but any leakage would have rendered us liable. It was a mere case of word against word."

"Perhaps Sir Lawrence Mont will give us 'is view of that?"

Michael's heart began to beat. There was an air of sprightliness about his father's standing figure.

"You must remember, sir," he said, "that Mr. Elderson had enjoyed our complete confidence for many years; he was a gentleman, and, speaking for myself, an old schoolfellow of his, I preferred in common loyalty, to give his word preference, while—er—keeping the matter in mind."

"Oh!" said Michael's neighbor; "what's the chairman got to say about bein' kept in the dark?"

"We were all perfectly satisfied, sir, with the attitude of our co-directors, in a very delicate situation. You will kindly note that the mischief was already done over this unfortunate assurance, so that there was no need for undue haste."

Michael saw his neighbor's neck grow redder.

"I don't agree," he said. "'Wait and see'—we might 'ave 'ad that commission out of him, if he'd been tackled promptly." And he sat down.

He had not reached mahogany before the thwarted shareholder had started up.

"Mr. Botterill," said the chairman.

Michael saw a lean and narrow head,

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with two hollows in a hairy neck, above a back slightly bent forward, as of a doctor listening to a chest.

"I take it from you, then, sir," he said, "that these two directors represent the general attitude of the Board, and that the Board were content to allow a suspected person to remain manager. The gentleman on your extreme left—Mr. Forsyte, I think—spoke of an accidental incident. But for that, apparently, we should still be in the hands of an unscrupulous individual. The symptoms in this case are very disquieting. There appears to have been gross overconfidence; a recent instance of the sort must be in all our minds. The policy of assuring foreign business was evidently initiated by the manager for his own ends. We have made a severe loss by it. And the question for us shareholders would seem to be whether a Board who placed confidence in such a person, and continued it after their suspicions were aroused, are the right people to direct this important concern."

Throughout this speech Michael had grown very hot. "Old Forsyte was right," he thought; "they're on their uppers after all."

There was a sudden creak from his neighbor on the left.

"Mr. Tolby," said the chairman.

"It's a seerious matter, this, gentlemen. I propose that the Board withdraw, an' leave us to discuss it."

"I second that," said Michael's neighbor on the right.

Searching the vista of the Board, Michael saw recognition gleam for a second in the lonely face at the end, and grinned a greeting.

The chairman was speaking.

"If that is your wish, gentlemen, we shall be happy to comply with it. Will those who favor the motion hold up their hands?"

All hands were held up, with the exception of Michael's, of two women whose eager colloquy had not permitted them to hear the request, and of one shareholder, just in front of Michael, so motionless that he seemed to be dead.

"Carried," said the chairman, and rose from his seat.

Michael saw his father smiling, and speaking to "Old Forsyte" as they both stood up. They all filed out, and the door was closed.

"Whatever happens," Michael thought, "I've got to keep my head shut, or I shall be dropping a brick."

"Perhaps the press will kindly withdraw too," he heard some one say.

With a general chinny movement, as if inquiring their rights of no one in particular, the four pressmen could be seen to clasp their note-books. When their pale reluctance had vanished, there was a stir among the shareholders, like that of ducks when a dog comes up behind. Michael saw why, at once. They had their backs to each other. A shareholder said:

"Perhaps Mr. Tolby, who proposed the withdrawal, will act as chairman."

Michael's left-hand neighbor began breathing heavily.

"Righto!" he said. "Any one who wants to speak, kindly ketch my eye."

Every one now began talking to his neighbor, as though to get at once a quiet sense of proportion, before speaking. Mr. Tolby was breathing so heavily that Michael felt a positive draught.

"'Ere, gentlemen," he said suddenly, "this won't do! We don't want to be too formal, but we must preserve some order. I'll open the discussion myself. Now, I didn't want to 'urt the feelin's of the Board by plain speakin' in their presence. But, as Mr. What's-'is-name there, said: the Public 'as got to protect itself against sharpers, and against slackness. We all know what 'appened the other day, and what'll 'appen again in other concerns, unless we shareholders look after ourselves. In the first place, then, what I say is: They ought never to 'ave touched anything to do with the 'Uns. In the second place, I say they showed bad judgment. And in the third place, I say they were too thick together. In my opinion, we should propose a vote of no confidence."

Cries of "Hear, hear!" mixed with indeterminate sounds, were broken sharply by a loud "No!" from the shareholder who had seemed dead. Michael's heart went out to him, the more so as he still seemed dead. The negative was followed by the rising of a thin, polished-looking shareholder, with a small gray mustache.

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"If you'll forgive my saying so, sir," he began, "your proposal seems to me very rough-and-ready justice. I should be interested to know how you would have handled such a situation if you had been on the Board. It is extremely easy to condemn other people!"

"Hear, hear!" said Michael, astonished at the sound.

"It is all very well," the polished shareholder went on, "when anything of this sort happens, to blame a directorate, but, speaking as a director myself, I should be glad to know whom one is to trust, if not one's manager. As to the policy of foreign insurance, it has been before us at two general meetings; and we have pocketed the profit from it for nearly two years. Have we raised a voice against it?"

The dead shareholder uttered a "No!" so loud that Michael almost patted his head.

The shareholder, whose neck and back were like a doctor's, rose to answer.

"I differ from the last speaker in his diagnosis of the case. Let us admit all he says, and look at the thing more widely. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. When a government makes a bad mistake of judgment, the electorate turns against it as soon as it feels the effects. This is a very sound check on administration; it may be rough and ready, but it is the less of two evils. A Board backs its judgment; when it loses, it should pay. I think, perhaps, Mr. Tolby, being our informal chairman, was out of order in proposing a vote of no confidence; if that be so, I should be happy to do so, myself."

The dead shareholder's "No!" was so resounding this time, that there was a pause for him to speak; he remained, however, without motion. Both of Michael's neighbors were on their feet. They bobbed at each other over Michael's head, and Mr. Tolby sat down.

"Mr. Sawdry," he said.

"Look 'ere, gentlemen," said Mr. Sawdry, "and ladies, this seems to me a case for compromise. The directors that knew about the manager ought to go; but we might stop at that. The gentleman in front of me keeps on saying No. Let 'im give us 'is views."

"No," said the dead shareholder, less loudly.

"If a man can't give 'is views," went on Mr. Sawdry, nearly sitting down on Michael, "'e shouldn't interrupt, in my opinion."

A shareholder in the front row now turned completely round so that he faced the meeting.

"I think," he said, "that to prolong this discussion is to waste time; we are evidently in two, if not three, minds. The whole of the business of this country is now conducted on a system of delegated trust; it may be good, it may be bad—but there it is. You've got to trust somebody. Now, as to this particular case, we've had no reason to distrust the Board, so far; and, as I take it, the Board had no previous reason to distrust the late manager. I think it's going too far, at present, to propose anything definite like a vote of no confidence; it seems to me that we should call the Board in and hear what assurances they have to give us against a repetition of anything of the sort in the future."

The sounds which greeted this moderate speech were so inextricable, that Michael could not get the sense of them. Not so with the speech which followed. It came from a shareholder on the right, with reddish hair, light eyelashes, a clipped mustache, and a scraped color.

"I have no objection whatever to having the Board in," he said in a rather jeering voice, "and passing a vote of no confidence in their presence. There is a question, which no one has touched on, of how far, if we turn them out, we could make them liable for this loss. The matter is not clear, but there is a good sporting chance, if we like to take it. Whereas, if we don't turn them out, it's obvious we can't take it, even if we wish."

The impression made by this speech was of quite a different order from any of the others. It was followed by a hush, as though something important had been said at last. Michael stared at Mr. Tolby. The stout man's round, light, rather prominent eye was extraordinarily reflective. "Trout must look like that," thought Michael, "when they see a mayfly." Mr. Tolby suddenly stood up.

"All right," he said, "'ave 'em in!"

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"Yes," said the dead shareholder. There was no dissent.

Michael saw some one rise and ascend the platform.

"Let the press know!" said Mr. Tolby.

XIII

SOAMES AT BAY

When the door had closed behind the departing directors, Soames sought a window as far as possible from the lunch eaten before the meeting.

"Funeral baked meats, eh, Forsyte?" said a voice in his ear. "Our number's up, I think. Poor old Mothergill's looking very blue. I think he ought to ask for a second shirt!"

Soames' tenacity began wriggling within him.

"The thing wants tackling," he grumbled; "the chairman's not the man for the job!" Shades of old Uncle Jolyon! He would have made short work of this! It wanted a masterful hand.

"Warning to us all, Forsyte, against loyalty! It's not in the period. Ah! Fontenoy!"

Soames became conscious of features rather above the level of his own.

"Well, Mr. Forsyte, hope you're satisfied? A pretty damned mess! If I'd been the chairman, I'd never have withdrawn. Always keep hounds under your eye, Mont. Take it off, and they'll go for you! Wish I could get among 'em with a whip; I'd give it those two heavy pug-faced chaps—they mean business! Unless you've got something up your sleeve, Mr. Forsyte, we're dished."

"What should I have up my sleeve?" said Soames coldly.

"Damn it, sir, you put the chestnuts in the fire; it's up to you to pull 'em out. I can't afford to lose these fees!"

Soames heard Sir Lawrence murmur: "Crude, my dear Fontenoy!" and said with malice:

"You may lose more than your fees!"

"Can't! They may have Eaglescourt to-morrow, and take a loss off my hands." A gleam of feeling burned up suddenly in the old eyes: "The country drives you to the wall, skins you to the bone, and expects you to give 'em public service gratis. Can't be done, Mont—can't be done!"

Soames turned away; he had an utter disinclination for talk, like one standing before an open grave, watching a coffin slowly lowered. Here was his infallibility going—going! He had no illusions. It would all be in the papers, and his reputation for sound judgment gone forever! Bitter! No more would the Forsytes say: "Soames says—" No more would old Gradman follow him with eyes like an old dog's, grudging sometimes, but ever submitting to infallibility. It would be a nasty jar for the old fellow. His business acquaintances—after all, they were not many now!—would no longer stare with envious respect. He wondered if the reverberations would reach Dumetrius, and the picture-market! The sole comfort was that Fleur needn't know. Fleur! Ah! If only her business were safely over! For a moment his mind became empty of all else. Then with a rush the present filled it up again. Why were they all talking as if there were a corpse in the room? Well! There was—the corpse of his infallibility! As for monetary loss—that seemed secondary, remote, incredible—like a future life. Mont had said something about loyalty. He didn't know what loyalty had to do with it! But if they thought he was going to show any white feather, they were extremely mistaken. Acid courage welled up into his brain. Shareholders, directors—they might howl and shake their fists; he was not going to be dictated to. He heard a voice say:

"Will you come in, please, gentlemen?"

Taking his seat again before his unused quill, he noticed the silence—shareholders waiting for directors, directors for shareholders. "Wish I could get among 'em with a whip!" Extravagant words of that "old guinea-pig's," but expressive, somehow!

At last the chairman, whose voice always reminded Soames of a raw salad with oil poured over it, said ironically:

"Well, gentlemen, we await your pleasure."

That stout, red-faced fellow, next to Michael, stood up, opening his pug's mouth.

"To put it shortly, Mr. Chairman, we're not at all satisfied; but before we take any resolution, we want to 'ear what you've got to say."

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Just below Soames some one jumped up and added:

"We'd like to know, sir, what assurances you can offer us against anything of this sort in the future."

Soames saw the chairman smile—no real backbone in that fellow!

"In the nature of things, sir," he said, "none whatever! You can hardly suppose that if we had known our manager was not worthy of our confidence, we should have continued him in the post for a moment!"

Soames thought: "That won't do—he's gone back on himself!" Yes, and that other pug-faced chap had seen it!

"That's just the point, sir," he was saying: "Two of you *did* know, and yet, there the fellow was for months afterward, playin' 'is own 'and, cheatin' the society for all he was worth, I shouldn't wonder."

One after another, they were yelping now:

"What about your own words?"

"You admitted collective responsibility."

"You said you were perfectly satisfied with the attitude of your co-directors in the matter." Regular pack!

Soames saw the chairman incline his head as if he wanted to shake it; old Fontenoy muttering, old Mothergill blowing his nose, Meyricke shrugging his sharp shoulders. Suddenly he was cut off from view of them—Sir Lawrence was standing up between.

"Allow me a word! Speaking for myself, I find it impossible to accept the generous attempt of the chairman to shoulder a responsibility which clearly rests on me. If I made a mistake of judgment in not disclosing our suspicions, I must pay the penalty; and I think it will clear the—er—situation if I tender my resignation to the meeting."

Soames saw him give a little bow, place his monocle in his eye, and sit down.

A murmur greeted the words—approval, surprise, deprecation, admiration? It had been gallantly done. Soames distrusted gallantry—there was always a dash of the peacock about it. He felt curiously savage.

"I, apparently," he said, rising, "am the other incriminated director. Very good! I am not conscious of having done anything but my duty from beginning to end of this affair. I am confident that I made no mistake of judgment. And I consider it entirely unjust that I should be penalized. I have had worry and anxiety enough, without being made a scapegoat by shareholders who accepted this policy without a murmur, before ever I came on the Board, and are now angry because they have lost by it. You owe it to me that the policy has been dropped; you owe it to me that you have no longer a fraudulent person for a manager. And you owe it to me that you were called together to-day to pass judgment on the matter. I have no intention whatever of singing small. But there is another aspect to this affair. I am not prepared to go on giving my services to people who don't value them. I have no patience with the attitude displayed this afternoon. If any one here thinks he has a grievance against me, let him bring an action. I shall be happy to carry it to the House of Lords, if necessary. I have been familiar with the City all my life, and I have not been in the habit of meeting with suspicions and ingratitude. If such be present manners, I have been familiar with the City long enough. I do not tender my resignation to the meeting; I resign."

Bowing to the chairman, and pushing back his chair, he walked doggedly to the door, opened it and passed through.

He sought his hat. He had not the slightest doubt but that he had astonished their weak nerves! Those pug-faced fellows had their mouths open! He would have liked to see what he had left behind, but it was hardly consistent with dignity to open the door again. He took a sandwich instead, and began to eat it with his back to the door and his hat on. He felt better than he had for months. A voice said:

"'And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more!' I'd no idea, Forsyte, you were such an orator! You gave it 'em between the eyes! Never saw a meeting so knocked out! Well, you've saved the Board by focussing their resentment entirely on yourself. It was very gallant, Forsyte!"

Soames growled through his sandwich:

"Nothing of the sort! Are you out, too?"

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"Yes. I pressed my resignation. That red-faced fellow was proposing a vote of confidence in the Board when I left—and they'll pass it, Forsyte—they'll pass it! Something was said about financial liability, by the way!"

"Was there?" said Soames, with a grim smile. "That cock won't fight. Their only chance was to claim against the Board for initiating foreign assurance *ultra vires;* if they're reaffirming the Board, after the question's been raised in open meeting, they're dished. Nothing'll lie against you and me, for not disclosing our suspicions—that's certain."

"A relief, I confess," said Sir Lawrence, with a sigh. "It was the speech of your life, Forsyte!"

Perfectly well aware of that, Soames shook his head. Apart from the horror of seeing himself in print, he was beginning to feel that he had been extravagant. It was always a mistake to lose your temper! A bitter little smile came on his lips. Nobody, not even Mont, would see how unjustly he had been treated.

"Well," he said, "I shall go."

"I think I shall wait, Forsyte, and hear the upshot."

"Upshot? They'll appoint two other fools, and slaver over each other. Shareholders! Good-bye!" He moved to the door.

Passing the Bank of England, he had a feeling of walking away from his own life. His acumen, his judgment, his manner of dealing with affairs—aspersed! They didn't like it; well—he would leave it! Catch him meddling, in future! It was all of a piece with the modern state of things. Hand to mouth, and the steady men pushed to the wall! The men to whom a pound was a pound, and not a mess of chance and paper. The men who knew that the good of the country was the strict, straight conduct of their own affairs. They were not wanted. One by one, they would get the go-by—as he had got it—in favor of jack-o'-lanterns, revolutionaries, restless chaps, or clever, unscrupulous fellows, like Elderson. It was in the air. Honesty! No amount of eating your cake and wanting to have it could take the place of common honesty.

He turned into the Poultry before he knew why he had come there. Well, he might as well tell Gradman at once that he must exercise his own judgment in the future. At the mouth of the backwater he paused for a second, as if to print its buffness on his brain. He would resign his trusts, private ones and all! He had no notion of being sneered at in the family. But a sudden wave of remembrance almost washed his heart into his boots. What a tale of trust deeds executed, leases renewed, houses sold, investments decided on—in that back room up there; what a mint of quiet satisfaction in estates well managed! Ah, well! He would continue to manage his own. As for the others, they must look out for themselves, now. And a precious time they'd have of it, in face of the spirit there was about!

He mounted the stone steps slowly.

In the repository of Forsyte affairs, he was faced by the unusual—no Gradman, but, on the large ripe table, a large ripe melon alongside a straw bag. Soames sniffed. The thing smelled delicious. He held it to the light. Its greeny yellow tinge, its network of threads—quite Chinese! Was old Gradman going to throw its rind about, like that white monkey?

He was still holding it when a voice said:

"Aoh! I wasn't expecting you to-day, Mr. Soames. I was going early; my wife's got a little party."

"So I see!" said Soames, restoring the melon to the table. "There's nothing for you to do at the moment, but I came in to tell you to draw my resignations from the Forsyte trusts."

The old chap's face was such a study that he could not help a smile.

"You can keep me in Timothy's; but the rest must go. Young Roger can attend to them. He's got nothing to do."

A gruff and deprecating: "Dear me! They won't like it!" irritated Soames.

"Then they must lump it! I want a rest."

He did not mean to enter into the reason—Gradman could read it for himself in *The Financial News*, or whatever he took in.

"Then I shan't be seeing you so often, Mr. Soames; there's never anything in Mr. Timothy's. Dear me! I'm quite upset. Won't you keep your sister's?"

Soames looked at the old fellow, and

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compunction stirred within him—as ever, at any sign that he was appreciated.

"Well," he said, "keep me in hers; I shall be in about my own affairs, of course. Good afternoon, Gradman. That's a fine melon."

He waited for no more words. The old chap! *He* couldn't last much longer, anyway, sturdy as he looked! Well, they would find it hard to match him!

On reaching the Poultry, he decided to go to Green Street and see Winifred—queerly and suddenly homesick for the proximity of Park Lane, for the old secure days, the efflorescent privacy of his youth under the wings of James and Emily. Winifred alone represented for him now the past; her solid nature never varied, however much she kept up with the fashions.

He found her, a little youthful in costume, drinking Chinese tea, which she did not like—but what could one do, other teas were "common"! She had taken to a parrot. Parrots were coming in again. The bird made a dreadful noise. Whether under its influence or that of the Chinese tea—which, made in the English way, of a brand the Chinese grew for foreign stomachs, always upset him—he was soon telling her the whole story.

When he had finished, Winifred said comfortably:

"Well, Soames, I think you did splendidly; it serves them right!"

Conscious that his narrative must have presented the truth as it would not appear to the public, Soames muttered:

"That's all very well; you'll find a very different version in the financial papers."

"Oh! but nobody reads them. I shouldn't worry. Do you do Coué? Such a comfortable little man, Soames; I went to hear him. It's rather a bore sometimes, but it's quite the latest thing."

Soames became inaudible—he never confessed a weakness.

"And how," asked Winifred, "is Fleur's little affair?"

"'Little affair!'" echoed a voice above his head. That bird! It was clinging to the brocade curtains, moving its neck up and down.

"Polly!" said Winifred, "don't be naughty!"

"Soames!" said the bird.

"I've taught him that. Isn't he rather sweet?"

"No," said Soames. "I should shut him up; he'll spoil your curtains."

The vexation of the afternoon had revived within him suddenly. What was life, but parrotry? What did people see of the real truth? They just repeated each other, like a lot of shareholders, or got their precious sentiments out of *The Daily Liar*. For one person who took a line, a hundred followed on, like sheep!

"You'll stay and dine, dear boy!" said Winifred.

Yes! he would dine. Had she a melon, by any chance? He'd no inclination to go and sit opposite his wife at South Square. Ten to one Fleur would not be down. And as to young Michael—the fellow had been there that afternoon and witnessed the whole thing; he'd no wish to go over it again.

He was washing his hands for dinner, when a maid, outside, said:

"You're wanted on the phone, sir."

Michael's voice came over the wire, strained and husky:

"That you, sir?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Fleur. It began this afternoon at three. I've been trying to reach you."

"What?" cried Soames. "How? Quick!"

"They say it's all normal. But it's so awful. They say quite soon, now." The voice broke off.

"My God!" said Soames. "My hat!"

By the front door the maid was asking: "Shall you be back to dinner, sir?"

"Dinner!" muttered Soames, and was gone.

He hurried along, almost running, his eyes searching for a cab. None to be had, of course! None to be had! Opposite the Iseeum Club he got one, open in the fine weather after last night's storm. That storm! He might have known. Ten days before her time. Why on earth hadn't he gone straight back, or at least telephoned where he would be? All that he had been through that afternoon was gone like smoke. Poor child! Poor little thing! And what about twilight sleep? Why hadn't he been there? He might have—Nature! Damn it! Nature—as if it couldn't leave even her alone!

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"Get on!" he said, leaning out. "Double fare!"

Past the Connoisseurs, and the Palace, and Whitehall; past all preserves whence Nature was excluded. Deep in the waters of primitive emotion Soames sat gray, breathless. Past Big Ben—eight o'clock! Five hours! Five hours of it!

"Let it be over!" he muttered aloud: "Let it be over! God!"

XIV

ON THE RACK

WHEN his father-in-law bowed to the chairman and withdrew, Michael had restrained a strong desire to shout "Bravo!" Who'd have thought the "old man" could let fly like that? He had "got their goats" with a vengeance. Quite an interval of fine mixed vociferation followed, before his neighbor, Mr. Sawdry, made himself heard at last.

"Now that the director implicated has resigned, I shall 'ave pleasure in proposing a vote of confidence in the rest of the Board."

Michael saw his father rise, a little finicky and smiling, and bow to the chairman. "I take my resignation as accepted also; if you permit me, I will join Mr. Forsyte in retirement."

Some one was saying:

"I shall be glad to second that vote of confidence."

And brushing past the knees of Mr. Sawdry, Michael sought the door. From there he could see that nearly every hand was raised in favor of the vote of confidence; and with the thought: "Thrown to the shareholders!" he made his way out of the hotel. Delicacy prevented him from seeking out those two. They had saved their dignity; but the dogs had had the rest.

Hurrying west, he reflected on the rough ways of justice. The shareholders had a grievance, of course; and some one had to get it in the neck to satisfy their sense of equity. They had pitched on "Old Forsyte," who, of all, was least to blame; for if Bart had only held his tongue, they would certainly have lumped him into the vote of confidence. All very natural and illogical—and four o'clock already!

"Counterfeits"! The old feeling for Wilfrid was strong in him this day of publication. One must do everything one could for his book—poor old son! There simply must not be a frost.

After calling in at two big booksellers', he made for his club, and closeted himself in the telephone-booth. In old days they "took cabs and went about." Ringing up was quicker—was it? With endless vexations, he tracked down Sibley, Nazing, Upshire, Master, and half a dozen others of the elect. He struck a considered note likely to move them. The book—he said—was bound to "get the goat of the old guard" and the duds generally; it would want a bit of drum-beating from the cognoscenti. To each of them he appealed as the only one whose praise really mattered. "If you haven't reviewed the book, old chap, will you? It's you who count, of course." And to each he added: "I don't care two straws whether it sells, but I do want old Wilfrid to get his own." And he meant it. The publisher in Michael was dead during that hour in the telephone-booth, the friend alive and kicking hard. He came out with sweat running down his forehead, quite exhausted; and it was half past five.

"Cup of tea—and home!" he thought. He reached his door at six. The Peke, absolutely unimportant, was cowering in the far corner of the hall.

"What's the matter, old man?"

A sound from above, which made his blood run cold, answered—a long, low moaning.

"Oh, God!" he gasped, and ran upstairs.

Annette met him at the door. He was conscious of her speaking in French, of being called "*mon cher*," of the words "*vers trois heures* . . . The doctor says one must not worry—all goes for the best." Again that moan, and the door shut in his face; she was gone. Michael remained standing on the rug with perfectly cold sweat oozing from him, and his nails dug deep into his palms.

"This is how one becomes a father!" he thought. "This is how I became a son!" That moaning! He could not bear to stay there, and he could not bear to go away. It might be hours, yet! He kept repeating to himself: "One must not

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worry—must not worry!" How easily said! How meaningless! His brain, his heart, ranging for relief, lighted on the strangest which could possibly have come to him. Suppose this child being born had not been his—had been—been Wilfrid's; how would he have been feeling, here, outside this door? It might—it might so easily have been—since nothing was sacred, now! Nothing except—yes, just that which was dearer than oneself—just that which was in there, moaning. He could not bear it, on the rug, and went down-stairs. Across and across the copper floor, a cigar in his mouth, he strode in vague, rebellious agony. Why should birth be like this? And the answer was: It isn't—not in China! To have the creed that nothing mattered—and then run into it like this! Something born at such a cost must matter, should matter. One must see to that! Speculation ceased in Michael's brain; he stood, listening terribly. Nothing! He could not bear it down there, and went up again. No sound at first, and then another moan! This time he fled into his study, and ranged round the room, looking at the cartoons of Aubrey Greene. He did not see a single one, and suddenly bethought him of "Old Forsyte." He ought to be told!

He rang up the "Connoisseurs," the "Remove," and his own father's clubs, in case they might have gone there together after the meeting. He drew blank everywhere. It was half past seven. How much longer was this going on? He went back to the bedroom door; could hear nothing. Then down again to the hall. The Peke was lying by the front door. "Fed up!" thought Michael, stroking his back, and mechanically clearing the letter-box. Just one letter—Wilfrid's writing! He took it to the foot of the stairs, and read it with half his brain, the other half wondering—wandering up there.

"Dear Mont,

"I start to-morrow to try and cross Arabia. I thought you might like a line in case Arabia crosses me. I have recovered my senses. The air here is too clear for sentiment of any kind; and passion in exile soon becomes sickly. I am sorry I gave you both a bad time. It was a mistake for me to go back to England after the war, and hang about writing drivel for smart young women and inky folk to read. Poor old England—she's in for a bad time. Give her my love; the same to yourselves.

Yours ever,
Wilfrid Desert.

"P. S.—If you've published the things I left behind, send any royalties to me care of my governor.
W. D."

Half Michael's brain thought: "Well, that's that! And the book coming out to-day!" Queer! Was Wilfrid right—was it all a blooming gaff—the inky stream? Was one just helping on England's sickness? Ought they all to get on camels and ride the sun down? And yet, in books were comfort and diversion; and they were wanted! England had to go on—go on! "No retreat, no retreat, they must conquer or die who have no retreat!" . . . God! There it was again! Back he flew up-stairs, with his ears covered, and his eyes wild. The sounds ceased; Annette came out to him.

"Her father, *mon cher;* try to find her father!"

"I have—I can't!" gasped Michael.

"Try Green Street—Mrs. Dartie. *Courage!* All is normal—it will be quite soon, now."

When he had rung up Green Street and been answered at last, he sat with the door of his study open, waiting for "Old Forsyte" to come. Half his sight remarked a round hole burnt in his trouser leg—he hadn't even noticed the smell; hadn't even realized that he had been smoking. He must pull himself together for the "old man." He heard the bell ring, and ran down to open.

"Well?" said Soames.

"Not yet, sir. Come up to my study. It's nearer."

They went up side by side. That trim gray head, with the deep furrow between the eyes, and those eyes staring as if at pain behind them, steadied Michael. Poor old chap! He was "for it," too! They were both on "their uppers"!

"Have a peg, sir? I've got brandy here."

"Yes," said Soames. "Anything."

With the brandies in their hands, half-

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raised, they listened—jerked their hands up, drank. They were automatic, like two doll figures worked by the same string.

"Cigarette, sir?" said Michael.

Soames nodded.

With the lighted cigarettes just not in their mouths, they listened, put them in, took them out, puffed smoke. Michael had his right arm tight across his chest. Soames his left. They formed a pattern, side by side.

"Bad to stick, sir. Sorry!"

Soames nodded. His teeth were clenched. Suddenly his hand relaxed.

"Listen!" he said. Sounds—different—confused!

Michael's hand seized something, gripped it hard; it was cold, thin—the hand of Soames. They sat thus, hand in hand, staring at the doorway, for how long neither knew.

Suddenly that doorway darkened; a figure in gray stood there—Annette!

"It is all r-right! A son!"

XV

CALM

On waking from deep sleep next morning, Michael's first thought was: "Fleur is back!" He then remembered.

To his "O. K.?" whispered at her door, he received an emphatic nod from the nurse.

In the midst of excited expectation he retained enough modernity to think: "No more blurb! Go and eat your breakfast quietly!"

In the dining-room Soames was despising the egg, broken before him. He looked up as Michael entered, and buried his face in his cup. Michael understood perfectly; they had sat hand in hand! He saw, too, that the journal opened by his plate was of a financial nature.

"Anything about the meeting, sir? Your speech must read like one o'clock!"

With a queer little sound Soames held out the paper. The headlines ran: "Stormy Meeting—resignation of two directors—a vote of confidence." Michael skimmed down till he came to:

"Mr. Forsyte, the director involved, in a speech of some length, said he had no intention of singing small. He deprecated the behavior of the shareholders; he had not been accustomed to meet with suspicions. He tendered his resignation."

Michael dropped the sheet.

"By Jove!" he said—"'Involved—suspicions'! They've given it a turn, as though——!"

"The papers!" said Soames, and resumed his egg.

Michael sat down, and stripped the skin off a banana. "'Nothing became him like his death,'" he thought. "Poor old boy!"

"Well, sir," he said, "I was there, and all I can say is: you and my father were the only two people who excited my respect."

"That!" said Soames, putting down his spoon.

Michael perceived that he wished to be alone with God, and, swallowing the banana, went to his study. Waiting for his summons, he rang up his father.

"None the worse for yesterday, sir?"

Sir Lawrence's voice came clear and thin, rather high.

"Poorer and wiser. What's the bulletin?"

"Top-hole."

"Our love to both. Your mother wants to know if he has any hair?"

"Haven't seen him yet. I'm just going."

Annette was beckoning him from the doorway.

"She wants you to bring the little dog, *mon cher*."

With the Peke under his arm, and treading on tiptoe, Michael entered. The eleventh baronet! He did not seem to amount to much, beneath her head bent over him. Surely her hair was darker! He walked up to the bed, and touched it reverently.

"Well, darling?"

Fleur raised her head, and revealed the baby sucking vigorously at her little finger. "Isn't he a monkey?" said her faint voice.

Michael nodded. A monkey clearly—but whether white—that was the question!

"And you, sweetheart?"

"All right now, but it was—" She drew her breath in, and her eyes darkened. "Ducky, look!"

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The Chinese dog, with nostrils delicately moving, drew backward under Michael's arm. His whole demeanor displayed a knowing criticism. "Puppies," he seemed to say, "we do it in China. Judgment reserved!"

"What eyes!" said Michael. "We needn't tell *him* that this was brought from Chelsea by the doctor."

Fleur gave the tiniest laugh.

"Put him down, Michael."

Michael put him down, and he went to his corner.

"I mustn't talk," said Fleur, "but I want to, frightfully; as if I'd been dumb for months."

"Just what I felt," thought Michael; "she's been away."

"It was like being held down, Michael. I don't want any more. Months of not being yourself."

Worshipping the little smile on her lips, Michael thought: "Yes! the process *is* behind the times!"

"That's all right, darling," he said, softly. "Has he got any hair? My mother wants to know."

Fleur revealed the head of the eleventh baronet, covered with dark down.

"It's my grandmother," she said; "but it'll get lighter. His eyes are going to be gray. Oh! and, Michael, what about god-parents? Alison, of course—but men?"

Michael dwelled a little before answering:

"Had a letter from Wilfrid yesterday. I'll show it you some time. Would you like him? He's still out there, but I could hold the sponge for him in church."

"Is he all right again?"

"He says so, darling."

He could not read the expression of her eyes, but her lips were pouted slightly.

"Yes," she said; "and I think one's enough, don't you? Mine never gave me anything."

"One of mine gave me a Bible, and the other gave me a wigging."

The nurse was beckoning from the end of the room. Michael bent over. Their eyes met for a moment. Hers seemed to make him a little ironic apology, and then soften. He kissed her hair, and moved hurriedly away.

By the door Soames was standing, awaiting his turn.

"Just a minute only, sir," the nurse was saying to him.

Michael, lingering, saw the proceedings in a mirror.

Soames walked up to the bedside, and stood looking at his daughter.

"Dad, dear!" Michael heard her say.

Soames just touched her hand, nodded, as if implying approval of the baby, and came walking back. In the mirror Michael saw his lips quivering.

On the ground floor once more, he had the most intense desire to sing. It would not do; and, entering the Chinese room, he stood staring out into the sunlit Square. Gosh! It was good to be alive! Say what you liked, you couldn't beat it! They might turn their noses up at life, and look down them at it; they might bolster up the future and the past, but—give him the present!

"I'll have that white monkey up again!" he thought. "I'll see the brute further before he shall depress me!"

He went out to a closet under the stairs, and, from beneath four pairs of curtains done up in moth-preserver and brown paper, took out the picture. He held it away from him in the dim light. The creature's eyes! It was all in those eyes!

"Never mind, old son!" he said. "Up you go!" And he carried it into the Chinese room.

Soames was there.

"I'm going to put him up again, sir."

Soames nodded.

"Would you hold him, while I hook the wire?"

Soames held the picture.

Returning to the copper floor, Michael said:

"All right, sir!" and stood back.

Soames joined him. Side by side they contemplated the white monkey.

"He won't be happy till he gets it," said Michael, at last; "the only thing is—he doesn't know what he's after!"

Soames drew his hand down over his chin.

"It's a work of art," he said.

THE END.

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Immune

BY McCREADY HUSTON
Author of "Fairer Greens," "Jonah's Whale," "'Not Poppy—'" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

TURNING abruptly from the crowd of jostling miners, Jack Gallagher crossed the railroad and bent to the steep path which would lead him, after many turnings, to his cottage. If the climbing had not been difficult on that sultry September afternoon he would still have had his head down, thinking; and, passing row after row of the red, double company houses, skirting their ash heaps and sties, his thinking was not cleared. Dirty, half-naked children and their dirtier but more nearly clothed mothers peopled the hillside. Glancing at them from beneath the brim of his miner's cap, Jack thought of what the company doctor had said. Certainly these coal-diggers' wives and children were evidence that he was right.

Curs scurried past his feet and a goat or two inspected the rubbish heaps. When he left behind the squalor of the company houses and came to where the path passed under a sagging barbed-wire fence and into an upland meadow, he was definitely glad. Beyond the meadow, where once thick woods had crowned the valley's rim, Jack's father, Ole Man Gallagher, had built a little house. Although smoke and neglect had thinned the woods, there were still trees and a little grass; and every time Jack climbed home he acknowledged that his father had worked wisely when he built.

When he was within a few hundred feet of the door he halted and allowed his gaze to wander off across the Pennsylvania hills. The iron weed, he knew, was purpling the tawny carpet of September. A little blue flower could be found in certain hollows, if one had the time. He wondered if a fellow should not take the time to go and see if the inner pod of the milkweed was still like a fish with pink and bluish scales, as it had been when he was a boy. Perhaps it was too early; he tried to place the time. And then, remembering the doctor's words, he walked on toward the front door of the little house.

The door was open. Back in the kitchen his wife was singing. With the sound of her voice came the punctuating click of dishes being set upon a table. There was the sizzle of frying and an inspiring odor. Catching sight of him, she came through the house, wiping her hands on her checked apron. She leaned in the doorway, looking down at him with a half-smile on her serene face. Taking the pay envelope he handed her, she looked beyond him, down into the valley, and Jack, studying her as she stood framed in the door, frowned at a new denial of what the doctor had said. There was a beauty and freshness about Marilla Gallagher at twenty that was in keeping with this setting above the murk of the low places.

"How's the kid?" he asked.

"Fine. He ain't cried a bit all day. You go 'round and get washed up an' your supper'll be ready."

At the back door, Jack stripped to the waist and began dousing his head and gleaming shoulders in the wash-tub of hot water Marilla had placed there on a bench. From crown to waist he rubbed and scoured, using a brush and harsh yellow soap. Then a rub with a rough towel, a few strokes with a comb before a scrap of mirror fastened to the weather-boarding, and he slipped into a clean shirt Marilla had brought. Then he went in to supper.

The third Jack Gallagher lay sleeping in a cradle under the open window. The second Jack stood over him for several minutes, smoothing the thin hair of the baby with his rough fingers, before he took his seat at the kitchen table.

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There was enough and there was variety, and the food was well put upon the table. Like the men of his kind, Jack ate speedily and without conversation; and, like the women of her kind, Mrs. Gallagher sat and plied him with food and remained silent. When his hunger was satisfied Jack sat back from the table and fidgeted. After a moment of this he rose and strolled to the front door, filling, as he went, his pipe. He had followed this evening ritual for three years now and, he thought, as he stuffed the fine-cut into the bowl of his pipe, he probably would follow it the rest of his life if what the doctor had said were true.

"We're different; you know we are, Jack, up here, out of the dirt."—Page 600.

The doctor had said that the miners and their people, American and alien alike, were immune from the finer impulses of life; otherwise they would not stay in places like Grant. The doctor had used the word "romance"; the miners had

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no romance in them, or else, the doctor had said with a hard laugh, "they had had the nerve killed."

Marilla appeared presently and joined Jack on the door-step, and together they sat and watched the sun sinking beyond the valley of the Redstone. Jack pondered. He wondered if he could find the words to make clear to Marilla what the doctor, talking to a knot of company executives within Jack's hearing, had meant. There was one trouble about that; women were apt to think when a fellow got to talking along that line that there was something the matter at home. His knowledge of women was rudimentary, but the few tenets of his belief admitted no departure.

"I'm worried about Mrs. Felisch, Jack," said his wife presently. "I'm sure her husband beats her, and the baby—I can hear it crying away up here."

"Don't know her," responded Jack shortly. "She one o' the hunkies?"

"You do know her, Jack! Down there, third house in the first row."

"I don't suppose she feels it; they're sort of animals, these Huns and Polacks. And, at that, I guess we're not much different—work, eat, and sleep, and then do it all over again."

Marilla was silent, but she slid her hand under his arm and clasped it over one of his fists.

"We're different; you know we are, Jack. Why, up here, out of the dirt, we're really in the country, and with you studyin'—why, you'll be a pit boss one o' these days."

He grunted.

"Pit boss? Yes, but won't we still be just workin' and sleepin'?"

"I guess I don't know what you mean, Jack," said Marilla softly, pulling away. "You never talked like this before. Maybe you're not happy—here at Grant, with me."

There! He knew that would be the way. He had been a fool for inviting the subject. A fellow couldn't talk to a woman like that and not stir her up. He decided he had better soothe her.

"I just heard Doc Adams, you know, the company doctor; he was talking in the store to-day. Said people here don't have feelings. He said we're immune, whatever that means. I guess he meant the hunkies mostly; but he had the rest of us in his mind."

Marilla flared.

"Doc Adams! What does he know about people? Just outa college! Why, I'll bet I know more about poor Mrs. Felisch, just watchin' the way she hangs out her wash, than Doc Adams does with all his schoolin'. If that's all that's botherin' you, forget it. You can't tell me that woman hasn't got things in her mind, things outside o' workin' and slavin' for a man."

Jack relaxed a little and leaned back against the door in the twilight. He had pursued the subject as long as he could that night.

"Looks like we might have some rain before long," he said, wishing to engage his wife's thoughts with some topic less dangerous. Marilla laid a hand on his arm for a moment, and, with a murmured excuse, went in to take the baby to bed. And so, with a curtain of early autumn fog shutting out the scene, night came to the valley.

Jack expected to shake off his depression; but he didn't. He began to notice things that confirmed Doctor Adams's theory, making him unhappy. There was the company store, for example. He was there a great deal, and though the fact had not struck him before, he now saw that the store emphasized all the primitive rawness and brutal directness of the colony. All of the interests of Grant centred there; and those interests, Jack saw for the first time, were wholly concerned with keeping alive.

Unhappily he surveyed the wide room, and it seemed to him that three butchers, whacking and whittling at the blocks, were proving with every stroke that the people, clustered at the counter, waiting for their huge packages of pork and beef, were quite beyond romance. Fumbling in the school principal's office, Jack had looked that word up, and it had become important to him.

The people who were not demanding labor of the butchers were crowding before the grocery counters, pointing, voicing their wants in the gutturals of their own language, understood through some sixth sense by the leaping American

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clerks. The store gave the essence of Grant, which was physical. Grant worked to exist, and existence was a matter of food and then more food.

He stood on the uncovered porch, appraising the nearness of the first of the autumn rains, his arms burdened with the groceries Marilla had told him to fetch. He was like all the rest. At twenty-five, just at the age when a fellow should be getting at whatever there might be in this thing called life, he was just as much immune as the throngs of stolid miners from the old country.

Across the road Doctor Adams was climbing into a smart little maroon roadster, ready to drive into town for the week-end. He sat behind the wheel and drew on lemon-colored gloves, a smile in those eyes which, behind heavy lenses, saw everything, appraised everything, in Grant.

Suddenly Jack felt a profound dejection. He did not want to toil up the path, past the lanes of company houses, ranged in weary rows, to his own little home. Up there, the school books, pointing the way toward the examinations for pit boss, would make him laugh. He was afraid he would laugh at Marilla, laugh at the baby. He knew that if he went home now he would say things he did not want to say, things he hardly understood, but which, since the doctor's chance remark, surged inside him for expression.

He watched the doctor's car disappear around the iron frame of the tipple. Then, turning back to the store, he piled his purchases on a show-case, with a word of explanation to a clerk. Free of them, he left the store quickly and took a path directly away from home.

Though the rain was slanting against the land with a roar like that of a high cataract, Annie Felisch stood with Paul at the back gate. She, inside, leaned over to meet the gaze of the man who had come across the seas too late.

She, using the speech of her race, said: "And you, Paul, were not afraid to come?"

Paul drew away a dripping hand that had been clutching the woman's arm and pulled back his coat. She saw the butt of a large revolver. "I came prepared," answered Paul.

From the company house somewhere in the darkness came the cry of a baby in pain; then a horrible curse. Paul fingered the revolver. Annie, looking over her shoulder in despair, began to end the stealthy interview.

"You see, Paul, I must go. Never again, Paul, shall I see you. Do not try to see me. . . ."

Paul kissed the woman wetly on her heavy lips and was gone into the night. For a long minute Annie stood at the gate, drenched. Her big, patient eyes were sunk in bowl-like sockets, and her lower lip drooped, signifying the absolute dejection of her mind. She stood for a moment so, then turned, and, with heavy tread, was gone.

The oldest inhabitant could not remember a heavier or a longer rain.

Annie sloshed into the kitchen with the bucket of coal that she had made her excuse for going out. She went to a narrow, dirty cot by the wall and looked dumbly at her ugly little baby, squirming and wailing there. Annie had known nothing of babies before her marriage to Martin Felisch, and she knew little more now, except that this one cried at night and kept her awake and made Martin curse.

Hunched over the bare kitchen table, Martin was eating boiled cabbage and pork in great mouthfuls. He was naked from the waist up, and the grime of the mine was still on him. Like some huge caveman he sat and gorged. From the next room came the snores of Charles, one of the three boarders.

Martin shoved the pan which had contained the cabbage across to Annie, at the same time breaking from the loaf a hunk of bread. Words were unnecessary in the Felisch home. Annie went to the stove and emptied the pot of food into the pan. Returning, she dropped it, for her mind was on her lover, Paul. The cabbage and pork spilled in a greasy heap on the floor.

In a moment, Martin rose and placed his comment on the situation by knocking her down.

When Annie got to her feet some time later the kitchen was dark. She groped with one hand for the lamp, at the same time holding her aching head. Martin evidently had taken the lamp up-stairs

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with him, for she could not find it. The baby was quiet; it must be sleeping, she thought. That was good; she would not disturb it. So, in her wet, dirty clothes, almost senseless from the blow, she toiled up the narrow stairs and dropped, as she was, on a cot that stood among others in the back bedroom.

Annie was only twenty-four, and in her youth, in the forests of the old country, she had been a beauty. After her betrothal to Paul she had come to America. His old father was about to die, so Annie came alone, leaving Paul to follow. Her destination was Pittsburgh, where work was always to be had. Out Penn Avenue a cousin lived with her husband, who drove a team for a manufacturer across the Allegheny River. He thought he could get Annie a job.

Next morning she was up at four and standing in front of the employment office at five. She did not know that the sleepy-eyed clerks would not appear until quite seven. But when they did appear the head timekeeper ran an appraising eye over Annie's strong young frame and crooked a finger at her. By seven-fifteen she had become a part of industry. She was learning to sort cucumbers for pickles.

Annie learned a lot about wracking toil in that dark room, damp from the brine, where stood so many barrels. These had been shipped in from the cucumber farms and contained all sizes of pickles in the first stage of making. Each of the hundred or more girls had a little wooden stand on which were six boxes. A pile of reeking pickles would be dumped in front of a girl, who was then expected to sort them by tossing each into its proper box. This was piece-work, so many cents a box. Some of the girls, Annie was told, could make a dollar and a quarter a day. She soon saw that much depended on the boys who kept the girls supplied with fresh piles of pickles. Sometimes they were slow, and then the sorters did well to earn eighty or ninety cents.

She was very slow, and made almost nothing the first week. Besides, she had to wear a uniform, the cost of which was deducted from her earnings. But she was glowing inwardly at the thought of Paul, to whom every week she sent a lovely letter, written by a public letter-writer on paper decorated with beautiful doves in many colors.

All this was in November, and by February Annie had saved just fourteen dollars toward her marriage. She had her board to pay, and somehow she could not sort as rapidly as some of the other girls. But the dreadful, frightening fact of her life that winter was that she had not heard from Paul. Every pay-day Annie stopped at the corner and had the penman write a letter for her. She could not bring herself to give up that miserable pretense even after she had ceased to expect him to write to her. She had grown thin with the indoor work, and pain shone from her eyes instead of hope.

By spring Annie was working on doggedly, mechanically, holding out against her cousin, who was urging her to marry one of the giants from her own country who came on Sundays and sat stolidly in the better of the two rooms. But she told them all of Paul; that he would come presently and get work. Then she and Paul would be married. But her cousin laughed. She said Paul would not come, and that Annie had better look sharp or she would be known as one who had been jilted and her value in the marriage market would drop.

In July, Martin Felisch came down from the soft-coal country, looking for a wife. He painted pictures of a house of one's own, with green fields and streams, for all the world like the old country. He said miners earned high wages, and in a short time they might return home and be people of consequence. He did not tell Annie that he was looking for a boarding-house drudge, whom he would not have to pay and whom he could beat.

And so, with Annie casting a frantic look backward toward the hope of a lover who had failed her, they were married. In less than a year and a half as Martin Felisch's drudge, Annie learned that Paul was in America to claim her.

But if she was broken, if she was beaten, she was still true to her tradition. To her, on the two perilous occasions when Paul, after locating her at Grant, had come to her, at the back gate, after nightfall, there was nothing to do but ask God's blessing on him and send him away quickly.

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The cabbage and pork spilled in a greasy heap on the floor.—Page 601.

Annie knew her husband would murder Paul with a great joy. Yet, at times, she allowed herself to think of Paul, with her, living in a clean little cottage like that of her neighbor, Mrs. Gallagher, in a high place, above the rows of red company houses.

Well, it was all over with her. High-strung, romantic, dear Paul—he had wanted to get a job in the pit at Grant, just to be near her; but Annie had shaken her head and pushed him gently toward the road. She had not even yielded to her impulse to tell him of her life with Felisch.

While it was still dark Martin lumbered into the room and shook Annie

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until she dreamed he was beating her. Finally, consciousness returned and she rose, a staring, awful object. By the time she stumbled down the narrow stairs, Martin, in his pit clothes, was calling profanely for breakfast. By the light of the oil-lamp, Annie glanced at the baby. Bending lower, she gave a groan and muttered in English, "Jesus!" The baby was dead.

The fire was out. If he wanted food—and he always wanted food—he must get it. That, Annie indicated, shrinking against the cot. So Martin seized a half-loaf of bread and a chunk of bologna sausage and ate them in huge bites. He did not know the baby was dead and Annie did not tell him. In five minutes he was gone into the dripping dawn. Annie sat on, beside the cot.

After what may have been many hours she rose and looked at the horror about her. The remnants of greasy food, two days old, littered the rough table and were scattered over the floor. The stove, cold and rusted, had not been cleaned for days. There was nothing Annie could have eaten had she felt the desire for food. There was no water, except after a quarter-mile walk. There was no hope. She had lost her sense of time, and from the obscurity of the scene outside the window she could not tell whether it was morning or evening.

Martin had not come home; none of the boarders had, either. The odd fact finally penetrated Annie's consciousness and took her to the door. As far as she could see the creek was in flood. What had been a rivulet between the hills was now almost a lake. Over by the tipple a crowd of people had gathered, while along the road others were hurrying. They hurried—women throwing shawls over their heads—in a way that had but one meaning to a miner's wife.

Annie did not wait. She started as she was, barefoot and half-clad, through the rain, for the pit mouth. Wading through mud almost to the knee, scrambling over banks of slag, tearing through high, wet weeds, she came to the outskirts of the crowd. Here was moaning of women. Annie did not need to be told. There had been an explosion in the pit.

Men had roped off the entrance to the workings, where the main slope went into the hill, and had driven back the curious. A reporter or two hurried back and forth through the mob, trying to find out how many and who were caught in the mine. They questioned and threatened. There was no official list. The check board on which the numbers of the miners usually hung had disappeared. Nobody knew, except the women whose men had not come home, the names of those whose bodies might any time now be carried out.

Annie stood awhile, like the others, from habit. Then, swaying a little as she walked, she made her way to a shack and sat down on the step. She was only half-sheltered from the pelting rain, but she sat on, watching the other miners' wives mill and chafe against the barriers.

A few minutes later Jack Gallagher threw open the door of the shack and stumbled over the sodden figure. With his rescue kit in order, fumbling at the straps of his gas equipment, he stood and looked at her. There was something familiar about her face, something that reminded him vaguely of what Marilla had said.

"No wonder Doc Adams thinks they're immune," he thought. "Look at that face; no feeling. Her old man probably is in the pit, dead. Now if I was in there and Marilla was out here . . ."

He pondered the idea as he turned away and went to join the rest of the rescue team, huddled around their chief. If Adams was right—and there could be no doubt that the score or so of men in the mine were dead—the sensible thing would be to wait until the pit was safe and then carry out the victims in a leisurely procession. But the custom and the rules demanded going in; so, in five minutes, Jack was making his way along the main entry, guided by the track and such gleams as he could shoot ahead with his battery lamp among the piles of wreckage.

He remembered with what a leaping of the heart and eagerness he had rushed to the scene of the Jacob's Creek explosion the year he had won his place as a rescue man. That was only two years ago; but here he was, walking into another exploded mine, without excitement, calm.

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From a drawing by D. C. Hutchison.

"There's the woman," he gestured, indicating the figure kneeling by the young miner, who was beginning to show signs of returning animation.—Page 607.

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After all the bodies should be brought out and turned over to the widows or after perhaps a dozen of the trapped men should be saved, it would be merely to begin all over again the eternal drab round.

Something like this had been in his mind two days ago when he had broken away for that solitary, bramble-thrashing walk in the hills. He had feared to go home and find himself blurting out his thoughts to Marilla. She was content, even with the little world of Grant, as she found it. Marilla—the thought had come to him—might be one of the immunes. Babies, cooking, and the weekly movie might be enough for her.

He strode along the narrow line of mine track a step or two ahead of Peters and Harris, who, with him, had been the first chosen of all the rescue men who had volunteered to go in. Slipping into the rooms off the entries, lighting a burned body here and there, checking the numbers from the metal discs in the pockets or around the necks, they came to where tunnels diverged. There the men separated by agreement.

It was a business of estimating the mortality and plodding back the miles to send in a car with mules as soon as the afterdamp was gone. Jack walked unerringly from an exact knowledge of the mine's geography.

It was routine, with no possible climax for the dull crowds waiting out there in the rain. He made a mental note of nineteen dead, and started back from the farthest heading. No use, he decided, to go down that narrow, low passage there. It had a bad roof and the timbering was faulty. A half-hour would be needed for exploring its tortuous leadings and its cells of rooms. The main thing now was to get back to daylight and send in the main squad after the fans had started.

He swung into a good stride to work back to the principal entry, where he was to meet Peters and Harris and compare findings. Now that his mind was free of the details to be noted for his report he found himself thinking, without apparent reason, of the face of the woman he had seen on the shanty steps. She would have a long wait.

Suddenly he stopped. What if that woman's man was in that entry he had missed? He went on again, more slowly. What if he was? It was not probable. He was more likely to be found among the check numbers he already had gathered along the way; or perhaps Peters and Harris had listed him. Anyhow, he was dead. The woman was just one of the mob.

Up in the distance he saw the glint of the lamps of Peters and Harris, waiting for him to come out. He hurried toward them, impatient to be on his way. But that woman's face—it kept returning to him. It wouldn't let him alone, and somehow it made him think of the way Marilla had come to the defense of their foreign neighbor, Mrs. Felisch. Marilla could see something in these people. He couldn't, after what the doctor had said. If he hadn't skipped that one entry he would not have to think about her at all.

He stopped again and hesitated. He wondered how he would explain the omission to Marilla. Of course she would not need to know; and yet he felt there was a settlement coming with his wife. His failure to penetrate that bad spot in the mine would hurt her. He understood that, fully. He would not be able to explain it.

He might as well end the nagging irritation. He halted and called to Peters and Harris:

"I'm going back and look over a place I forgot!"

So he wheeled and stumbled through the water and slime toward that farthest pocket of the mine.

He found a body there. It was pinioned under a post that had fallen with the force of the explosion. And not only that, there was a stirring of the heart, a flutter of life. Suddenly exultant, Jack stooped, and exerting the amazing strength of a man unaccountably become irresistible, moved the post and raised the fallen miner.

"We'll get one of these damned immunes out of here alive," he thought grimly. And, as he lifted him out of the room, across a fall of slate, and into the corridor of the mine, the face of the woman on the step came to him again. It did not trouble him now.

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Three miles of dark, treacherous mine roadway lay ahead, and, as nobody knew how the after-damp lay, speed was imperative if the race for the air and the pulmotors was to be won. Carrying the inert shape in the hold he had been taught, Jack bent to the cruel, hopeless distance. His oxygen kit, weighting and impeding him, made the wreckage-strewn tube seem endless.

Tortured by impossible strain, effort he would have said no man could make, Gallagher watched for the patch of light in the distance which was the pit mouth, watched it grow by maddeningly slow degrees, prayed for it to grow faster.

Then, confused and groping, he realized that, somehow, he must have carried his man out, for what he later decided must have been cheering deafened him, and the fellows with the pulmotors seemed to rise from the earth, mammoth size, and throw themselves upon him. They took away that paralyzing weight.

Dazedly he reached for the straps of his gas equipment and tottered a step or two, blinded by the light. But dazed as he was, he did not fail to see and recognize the woman of the shanty steps break through the crowd and throw herself on the body stretched on the ground.

When he had been sufficiently revived in the engine-house near by, Jack, with Marilla at his side, stood outside the door and watched the milling of the excited, hysterical women and swiftly moving, direct, and businesslike officials, doctors, and rescue men.

"There's the woman," he gestured, indicating the figure kneeling by the young miner, who was beginning to show signs of returning animation.

"Why, that's Mrs. Felisch, Jack," replied Marilla. "But that man is not her husband; he is big, with long mustaches."

"She keeps calling him Paul," said a bystander tersely. "Her man is Number 57. He's still in the pit, posted up as dead."

Jack and Marilla contemplated the man and woman on the wet ground and then looked at each other.

When they climbed out of the valley late that night to the cottage on the rim Jack's tread had the power of conviction. Marilla had said nothing. She knew Jack would cut his way back to the levels of their common life presently.

In the little parlor he paused a moment at the table which held his books.

"I got to get caught up if I'm going to take that mine-boss examination," he remarked. Then he swung around and faced his wife. He bridged the chasm in a slow, difficult question:

"Forget all that stuff about 'immune,' will you?"

Martinique

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

GREAT cone-shaped mountains rising from a stream
All jungle-tangled; little bamboo walls
Of native huts beside clear waterfalls—
An island like a mad and lovely dream.
Mandarin trees, hibiscus blooms that gleam
And burn. Small towns, toy travesties of France,
With jabbering markets, the inquiring glance
Of turbaned women on whose wrists there scream
Bright parroquets. Smells of the tropic night—
Crushed cinnamon and smoke and breadfruit trees.
Great unknown shadows and the quiet light
Of the cathedral. Did you dream of these,
O Josephine, when some great sail in flight
Trailed on the wind the spice of Carib Seas?

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A Freshman Again at Sixty

BY ROBERT WATSON WINSTON

A FEW years ago, when I retired from active work to reenter college at sixty, my business associates smiled and shook their heads—a schoolboy again at three score suggested the famous exploit of Juan Ponce de Leon. He too quit business at about fifty-five, went in search of the Fountain of Eternal Youth, which an old Indian woman assured him was on the island of Bimini, and came out of the adventure with a wound in the left leg, of which he shortly died, and the title Adalantado of Bimini. Although I cannot boast a fountain of youth or even an island of Bimini, as the result of my De Leon-like search, I can exhibit a calmer spirit and a golf score, when I am going good and the course is not too golfy, somewhere around ninety.

It so happened when I was about a year old that I became tenant in common under the will of an uncle in certain negro slaves, a circumstance which if I live to ripe old age may give me the distinction, good or bad, of being the oldest living ex-slave-owner. However, Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of January 1, 1863, followed by Appomattox, set free my slaves, scattered my ancestral estates, and in a word took the silver spoon from my mouth. Beginning life therefore in a small way I entered politics, as most impecunious young lawyers at that time did, and held various offices, a judgeship included. Soon finding out my political limitations I gave up the idea of being a statesman, and set about the task of the average American—attending to my own affairs and accumulating a fortune.

Whether I was keener on the conflict than others I cannot say, but, on looking back, it seems to me the universal rule of business was "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." After a time the World War came on, when I entered the government service and had a real vacation. The nature of my new work and the impending world collapse caused me to reflect on the meaning of life and take an inventory of myself. No doubt I conferred with the "other fellow" of Joel Chandler Harris. I am quite sure I consulted McConnachie, the friend of Barrie. "What is it all about?" I asked. "Is it money I seek? It cannot be that. I have money enough for every reasonable wish. Is it a life of ease and pleasure, to live first in one place then another—in the North, in the South, in foreign lands? Alas, in a well-remembered line the poet two thousand years ago set that matter at rest: 'Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

"Fame, then, is the object and end of life?" But that notion exploded in this manner: one day during the war, when things were not going well with Italy or the United States, I was looking up the beleaguered city of Trieste. On the same page with Trieste was the name Toplady—Augustus M. Toplady—author of "Rock of Ages." "Can it be," I reflected, "that by stringing together a scant hundred words one can acquire more permanent fame than a dozen lawyers combined? No; if it be fame I seek, my business does not lead up to that temple." Wealth, pleasure, fame, since these are not the wise life, what is? So the thought process continued until finally I gave up my practice, bade adieu to my partners, and at the age of sixty reentered the mother of State Universities at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

II

WHEN the news got out that a freshman of sixty had reentered college there was rare fun. The whole State wanted to know. Here was a fellow, evidently in good health, and apparently of sound mind, who had retired while business was good and everything coming his way. Why, if he had not quit so soon he might

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have held another office or two, possibly got in the million-dollar class, and had his picture in the illustrated Sunday papers, splashing away in the breakers at Palm Beach. Quite incomprehensible that one should forego opportunities of this character to study philosophy or engage in the childish business of writing stories.

Of course such an individual made good copy. The news bureau sought him out. One morning soon after his return to college the State papers carried this headline: "Freshman of sixty haled before the faculty." The new student of sixty had skipped a class, and a copy of the official notice to appear and render an excuse for his conduct had reached the press; this, no doubt, at the connivance of the genial college president, whose sense of humor at the incongruousness of the situation was shared by an entire State.

Even the dean joined in the sport, inviting the new student to tell it to the boys at chapel one morning. In his talk the freshman said that forty years before he had left this institution, and was now back in college with a head full of prejudices and whimsies. The question was could he get rid of his old notions and take on the new, and if he did would the two neighbor. "For others of the age of sixty I cannot speak," he continued; "but, as for myself, I trust I have intellectual fortitude to go forward wisely toward a larger wisdom."

The village editor, next morning, dubbed the freshman an apperceptive cosmopolite and went on to say: "To us there has always been a fascination about the very idea of retiring, we do not mean retiring for the night or retiring under fire, we mean retiring from active work and devoting the remainder of one's life to leisure and reflection, travel and golf."

But speech-making did not always go so well. The literary societies, for example, desiring to hear from the new student, put on a special Saturday night smoker. The din of battle was still in his ears, he had not shaken off his old habits. "Hit the line and hit it hard," he urged. "In the battle of life there is no place for the tenderfoot." In short, force was his theme, and, declaring timidity to be the master vice, he flourished the big stick and glorified courage and victory.

Seated in a corner of the hall—and, the freshman will always believe, with malice aforethought—was the professor of philosophy, in whose class the freshman was at that time gathering in a few crumbs of wisdom. "I am sure we would be glad to hear from the head of the department of philosophy," the presiding officer suggested. The professor—gentle enough, unless aroused, and then terrible as an army with banners; a man whose life was intellect, not force—rose, with sadness on his ample brow, and for full thirty minutes the student was never more uncomfortable. "My learned friend," the professor began courteously and mildly, "has taken occasion to glorify the material. It is unfortunate that he did this. On that level his pointer dog is his superior. His dog can see clearer, has a keener sense of smell, and can run faster than he." The freshman was learning, or, to be more exact, was unlearning, some things not in the curriculum.

One day came notice of an intelligence test which the new student had long wished to investigate. While he was considering the matter, though it did not once occur to him how much less agile-minded a man of sixty was than the average college student, his niece, a nimble-witted girl of twenty summers, came breezing in, on her way to take the same test. With a woman's enthusiasm she soon dispelled his doubts, and sixty and twenty fared forth to the classroom together.

"Now when they ask 'If twice two is five, what is twice three?' don't you get fussed," she cautioned.

Around a long table twenty-four persons were seated, and at each place were arrayed pen, ink, and a lot of printed questions. As the clock was striking ten, for time is of the essence, a young tutor, evidently taking himself quite seriously, entered the room and in a measured tone promulgated the rules of the game. "Do you understand," he began, "that if you touch pen before I say 'go' or fail to put down pen when I say 'stop,' or fix your eyes anywhere except directly in front or turn the paper over or beat a tattoo on the desk or ask any question, you are thereby disqualified?"

"Surely a man of sixty ought to have

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known better than to run with eyes open into such a trap," the overconfident student reflected. Indeed, he would have retreated if he could have honorably done so. Well, out of some two hundred questions, three specimens "selected at random" are here exhibited:

"A certain letter is the fourth letter to the right of another letter. This other letter is midway between two other letters. One of these last two letters is next after E in the alphabet, and the other is just before K in the alphabet. What is the 'certain letter' first mentioned?"

"There are twenty questions in this group," the tutor said; "time limit five minutes. 'Go.'"

Again: "Nose—eye—goatee—? Toe—arm—mouth—chin—ear." The class was informed that as the fourth word was missing, the problem was to supply it from one of the five words to the right. "There are twenty of these questions, time limit four minutes. 'Go,'" the tutor said.

Then: "If the letters of the word 'Si' appear in the same order as they do in the alphabet, and if the same is true of the letters in the word 'No,' write the letter X. But if this is true of only one of these words, write the last letter of that word."

At the conclusion of the test, covering about an hour and a half, the humiliated freshman, looking around, saw his niece sweet and smiling as though nothing had happened. But as for himself: one day during his summer vacation at Williamstown, Mass., while he was watching sunshine and shadow chase each other over old Graylock, a carrier-boy brought in a letter, bearing a familiar postmark: "Sorry to report deficient in mental efficiency test. Grade high enough, however, to admit second test. Shall we arrange another exam?" the letter ran. "Well," the freshman observed, passing the document over to a friend; "it might have been worse—the news bureau might have got it."

But despite such untoward occurrences as getting worsted in a debate or failing in mental efficiency the freshman of sixty found much to encourage him. Not the least of his pleasures was the approbation of his kinspeople, who rejoiced at his changed attitude toward life. They seemed to think he was growing younger with advancing years. But even they could not help seeing the fun of the thing, as a letter from his mischievous son-in-law indicates. "You are now entering your second year at college," he wrote; "and I think advice from an older head is always worth while when a young man is forming his life's character. Therefore, will say that your first year was all that could be desired. I see no reason to expect anything but pleasant reports from you through your second year.

"Athletics will naturally take up some of your time. Go at this with a determination to win, just as you do with your studies. Of course we hardly think you can make the regular quarterback this season, as McDonald has both age and experience over you. However, before you leave college we hope to see you make sweeping end runs and hurl forward passes that will lead your team to victory.

"The chief danger in your college life will be your associations. They should be as carefully chosen as the prunes that you eat. I know that the hero in certain college sets is the man who can drink the most corn liquor from a fruit-jar, while holding a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and suffer no ill effect from either. There is absolutely nothing to this, and we hope that you will not engage in it. As to women, choose carefully and lose them entirely until you arrive at the age of discretion.

"If there is any problem that you are unable to settle let me know and I will gladly help you out."

III

In Southern colleges of the 70's, political feeling ran so high on account of the unsettled negro question that Republican boys were driven to Northern universities. Now and then, only, would a Republican student face the rebuffs and ostracism of a Southern school. The change in political feeling from 1875 to 1924 is very well illustrated by a ceremony—Fleece Tapping at Carolina—which I witnessed during my first session at college. Fleece Tapping is the annual occasion

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when the most worthy students, some three or four, are admitted into the Golden Fleece — an order corresponding to Skull and Bones at Yale and closely identified with the honor system. To be tapped is the highest college distinction, signifying that one is a worthy representative of a self-governing community.

On the occasion in question I listened to the address, entered into the spirit of the students, and was thrilled by the ringing college songs, one in particular, tune "Amici":

> "Hark the sound of Tar Heel voices
> Ringing clear and true,
> Singing Carolina's praises,
> Shouting N. C. U.!"

Twenty-five hundred self-reliant young men with no government except of themselves, no law save the honor system, had assembled to incarnate the spirit of democracy. By and by two members of the Golden Fleece began moving slowly through the hall, up and down the aisles, across the rostrum, everywhere, in anxious search. Finally, when interest was at the keenest, one of the young men halted, then sprang forward—some one was tapped. Who could it be? Who was the first to be honored? None other than Parker, '89, speaker of the evening, late Republican candidate for governor, only non-student ever admitted into the order of the Golden Fleece.

Equally noteworthy, in its effect upon myself at least, was the change in the matter of religious toleration. An incident such as Walter Hines Page's "Remaking of Old Commonwealths" describes would be hardly possible at the present time. In that essay Mr. Page, once a tutor in the University Summer School, thus records a conversation, occurring in the 70's, between himself and one of the University professors—a brother of mine: "Why attend that particular church at all, if you do not wish?" Mr. Page asked the professor. "I throw beef to the lion," the latter replied; and, going to the drawer, he took out Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma," a volume of Renan, and two or three other books. "These," he said, "I keep under lock and key." One of these volumes kept under lock and key I well remember, having been present at the conversation. It was "Volney's Ruins."

In contrast to such incidents, frequently occurring in that age, I have found the college campus of to-day an open forum. A cross section of the course in philosophy will serve to mark the progress. "Has no one ever had a true concept of life?" a pious young woman asked the professor of the philosophy class one day. "No one but Christ; sixteen young men undertook what He did and all failed; they were local, not universal. The Jew had said religion is all, the Greek intellect is all, the Roman law is all. Then came Jesus, in whom religion, intellect, and law were equally combined, and the Greek and the Roman lost to the Nazarene."

"One of my old students lately said he held it against me that I had not shown him God," the professor announced another day. "When did truth begin and who began it? When did two and two begin to make four? Must I prove I am the son of my father? The world, everything material, is but the thought of God; and God, the Omniscient One, from the very beginning knew and thought His own being. The seventeenth chapter of the fourth Gospel puts the first verse of Genesis to work; in the beginning God—the life principle, the intellectual process, in the process, object, matter, God in me, I in God. All rivers flow into the sea. The material is but river traffic, reality is the sea." Thus, day in and day out, did this brave teacher seek to impress us with the idea that nothing in life is permanent, nothing worth while save the ideal; and at the end of the term I dare assert there was not a sceptic or a materialist among us.

Another day the teacher gave us this thought: "Life is a process, a growth, 'Be ye perfect even as I am perfect'; not, 'Be a good Methodist, a good Southerner, or even a good Democrat, but be ye perfect'—grow into the perfect man. In Thomas Nelson Page's 'The Old South' we find the 'type' or 'group' idea—'The Old South, right or wrong.' In Walter Page's 'Forgotten Man' we find the 'ideal,' the 'concept' neither North nor South, but democracy, humanity. Idealism is the foundation of zeal and of dogma, but it must not stop at dogma, or it

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fails; it must rise above the group. We must be perfect and connect with God either through the intellectual process or, at the moment of insight, by inspiration, ecstasy. As God sent Moses, Paul, and Christ to save the world so also did He send you and me—in and of the intellectual process we are, one and all, divine."

After such an hour, filled with the dignity and divinity of a new manhood I would wander far out among the soothing pines, every needle alive with melody. Here in the solitude of the forest I would commune with my own soul and be still. I was getting a better understanding of life. In place of the old life of pleasure, wealth, and fame I was trying to put the new life of truth, goodness, and beauty. Are we not part of a cooperative universe "with a lavish Universal Heart within it"? Clothed in this ideal I did not know whether the stock market was up or down; I really had not counted my securities in months. How wondrous strange to have ever worried whether I was worth fifty thousand or five hundred thousand. Shall a divine, an immortal being fret himself over the temporal, the transitory?

The idea of reforming men by punishing them, which as a judge I had sought to accomplish, was now foreign to my nature. Eternal damnation—that this should be the lot of one of God's creatures—I no longer believed. I was concerning myself, as the gentle Joubert did, with the simple heartfelt texts of Scripture such as "We are *all* the children of God"; I was avoiding obscure and questionable passages such as "We are the children of wrath." Had the fathers accepted as infallible only the four Gospels and Paul would there have been a Voltaire or a Thomas Paine? In short I was striving to forget the days of dogma, when creeds and doctrines were at my fingers' ends. The good old negro preacher might ignorantly boast "I believe every word of this old Book from kiver to kiver," but I was not so confident. Such literalism had furnished the strongest argument for infidelity, I feared, and in it slavery and persecution had been justified. The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive. Verily believing that "to love your enemies is the only way to leave not an enemy on earth," I ventured to suggest that we forgive our enemies, Germany included, wipe out war loans, save democracy to the Old World, and feel the thrill of an unselfish act.

Nor did the vision splendid, which Wordsworth uncovered, fail me—as is so often the case with those of maturer years—in the appreciation of nature, in the sense of beauty. In former days I doubt if I knew whether daffodil or jonquil came in spring or autumn. I could not have distinguished the silvery note of the song sparrow from the rotary tone of the towhee or the elusive call of the golden flicker, but now flowers and birds were my friends. I was drawn to all nature "by a passion like that of love."

One April afternoon stands out in my memory. The botany professor and myself had taken a long familiar stroll together. We visited the college haunts, far and near: the president's walk through the arboretum; a Paulonia tree that came over with Perry from Japan; the old Davie poplar, where the founders met October 12, 1789, and established the first State University in America; Piney Prospect—the bluff shore of a Triassic sea stretching from Connecticut to Georgia—which overlooks the Bennett place, where Johnston surrendered the last Confederate army to Sherman and where also brave Confederates have just this year erected a monument, brother from the South clasping the hand of brother from the North, symbolizing the idea that fratricidal strife in America has ended forever; Roaring Fountain, rescued in my boyhood days by the village poet from a desecrating hydraulic ram—

> "I call all the gods of earth and air—
> Dear Mother Nature aid my invocation;
> Come all the powers and nymphs and here declare
> On this hydraulic ram an execration";

the famous Dromgoole Rock, from which the storms of a hundred winters have not washed away the blood of young Dromgoole, an eighteenth century student killed in a love duel; here the rose-garden; over there a bed of medicinal herbs; on every hand cardinals flaming red against the setting sun; bob-white with whistle clear and true; a flock of goldfinches rising and lighting with one impulse, and a mocking bird flooding the earth with music.

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At the historic old well my friend and I parted, and I was left alone amidst the scenes of my younger days. How different the emotions of a man of sixty from those of an idle youth of twenty! The deep-toned bell which in other days had so often called me to duty was ringing the vesper hour. A boy again I stood gazing at the old rooms in which generations of my people had spent their happiest days. Not far away was the little chapel where I achieved my first boyish triumph, the graduating medal for oratory. In the gathering twilight the boy-man felt the presence of comrades of long ago living and dead. He saw the panorama of his own time unfolded—forty long years of joy and sorrow, of birth and death, of triumph and failure.

But there were thoughts of other scenes not so sombre—a rollicking wintry night of forty-three years before, for instance; half a dozen merry students returning at three in the morning, after an all-night tramp to Sykes' distillery; the joyous jug swinging on a sapling suspended from shoulder to shoulder; every sleeping soul on the campus startled by the piercing notes of

> "Roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll,
> I want to go to Heaven for to see my Lord
> And hear old Jordan roll";

and then a letter next day from home enclosing the quarterly report of scholarship with a comment by the president, "a chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

IV

Numerous were the letters and inquiries I received, not only from friends but also from strangers—weary pilgrims trudging the dusty highways of life. "Are you realizing your ideals?" asked one. "How I envy you your new life!" wrote another. "Would to God I had the nerve to quit and join you!" still another said. And the dear old Bishop, rector of the church when I was formerly a college student, in his quaint way added his blessing. "So you are placing a few peaceful years between an active life and Heaven," he wrote. "God bless you in it and help us everyone to do likewise."

To one and all, credulous and incredulous, I made known that I had not retired from active work "to devise a tent for the fancy, a covert for life's unshapeliness," or to lead a life of idleness. I knew full well that one must be busy to be contented, that a person who has labored forty long years and contracted the work habit cannot all in a moment fold his hands and do nothing. I had witnessed too many retirements resulting in failure from that very cause to add another to the list. In such a case one would be a bore to himself and a nuisance to others. It was to avoid this danger that I had re-entered college, where I would find endless variety and diversion, and had selected a home in a college town. Had I taken up my abode with elderly people, even with those who were boys and girls with me, I might have found, like "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," that some of them had grown old and fat, some were struggling with poverty and greasy domesticity, and the few successful ones were absorbed in the kind of life I was leaving behind. No, I had made no such mistake. I had begun life again where it was at its full, among college boys.

And each day justified the wisdom of my choice. In my new life, it is true, there were no attractions of a business nature: no afternoon meetings of boards of directors to interfere with a game of golf; no twenty-minute lunches between conflicting engagements; no flushing of the face or hardening of the arteries when the market went the wrong way, or while one was attempting to dictate a rush contract, give orders to the telephone boy, and greet an important out-of-town client, with just a few minutes to spare, at one and the same time—and no telegrams on urgent business cutting short an already too short vacation.

On the other hand there was something in the new life to take the place of all this, something fully as engrossing: leisure and reflection, for example. One could, like Horace, go to bed and get up when he liked. There was no one "to drag him down to the law courts the first thing in the morning, to remind him of an important engagement with his brother scribes, to solicit his interest with Mæcenas, to tease him about public affairs or the lat-

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est news from abroad. He could bury himself in his books or ramble through the woody glens without a thought of business or a feeling that he ought to be otherwise engaged."

From the day of my entrance into college I had searched in vain for evidence of that misery and boredom which Schopenhauer and other pessimists delight to portray. From president to janitor, every one was busy. The modern college campus is coterminous with humanity. I myself certainly had no time to be bored, and as for the old pessimistic hobgoblin that the interval between pleasure and pain in human existence is occupied by ennui—I could not understand that at all. I much preferred to follow other and wiser philosophers—Sir Thomas Browne or Sir Walter Scott for example. "Be able to be alone," counselled Sir Thomas. "I might at least have asked him to dinner," said Sir Walter with evident self-reproach as he one day rid Abbotsford of a tiresome fellow.

Any spring morning in my walk from University Inn to classroom I would see half a dozen doctors of philosophy sowing peas in their gardens, and as many housewives pottering away in flower-beds—a good garden helps out a none too large salary amazingly. The usual small town may have its Main Street, but the college town has no such place. It is anything but local or provincial. The world is its field. Possessed of a broad culture, college folk respect the privacy of one another and have an intelligent courtesy. And yet they are great visitors and there is a feeling among them of genuine brotherhood.

"What is the soul of a college community?" I once asked a bright college woman. "Independence," she answered. "We do as we please." And this seems to be true. Proprietorship makes people independent and in our college town one owns his home, about half an acre, his garden, and his Ford. What more does he need? In the absence of abnormal wealth to disturb the economic equilibrium there is no vying for social supremacy, no worship of riches. When my "school days" were over and I became a member of the little college community I made up my mind to live the simple life of my neighbors—my money should not be put to idle display.

In the matter of a home, for instance, having acquired an old settled place—we call it a dunghill—combining the indispensables—a fine view, plenty of shade, and a spring—I built a modest house not visible from the highway, not indeed visible at all until one is almost upon it. I was not building a home for the public. My flower-garden is a source of never-ending pleasure, my dogwood, mimosa, and peach-trees a delight to the eye, my grove of giant oak and hickory fit temple for the gods. Here, in a land of noble forests and of perpetual golf only two hours north of Pinehurst and Southern Pines, in the companionship of books and a few friends, with dog and gun, I am endeavoring to make a contribution to the problem: What shall a man do with himself when he quits business?

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Three Minutes of Silent Prayer

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. A. FEDERER

BUFFALO BILL sat, solitary and impassive, on the top step of the combination summer-house and ice-house, watching, with face as much averted as possible, the progress of the craft that was bearing in from the lake to the Doremus landing-stage. Even the voice of Antelope Edward, welling up muffled and depressed, failed to move him.

"Bill," it keened, "it's awful cold. It's wet, too."

No response greeting this announcement, Antelope Edward made further appeal.

"Buffalo Bill, there's sawdust down inside my frock."

Then, in a strained and indignant voice: "Elmer!"

Buffalo Bill bounced up and down reassuringly on the sawdust-littered planking and spoke briefly but intensely.

"Shut up!"

Antelope Edward obeyed momentarily.

But as courteous James Mickens helped his cousins, the Geffken twins, out of the boat, something that sounded like a sob floated up from her hiding place. In desperation Buffalo Bill resorted to diplomacy, bent down toward the edge of the trapdoor and whispered through the crack:

"Courage, pardner. The varmints is upon us!"

This alarming intelligence apparently conveyed a certain comfort, for the sobbing died away, and by the time James and the Geffken twins had begun the ascent to the ice-house, its only visible inhabitant had reassumed his original brooding position.

Mr. Mickens, conscious of the splendor of duck trousers—long trousers—followed his eleven-year-old kinswomen up the stair.

"I said good-morning before, Elmer," James said blandly, "but you couldn't have heard me. Surely you're coming to the services."

"Comin' later," grunted Buffalo Bill, declining to abandon an attitude that predicted tremendous permanence. James looked puzzled but unabashed.

"We should all be eager," he announced in a pious echo of his Sunday-school teacher, "to pay our respects to the memory of Senator Baggs for what he did for Ramapo and, indeed, for the nation. Mr. Cush told me to be sure and see that you came. Why can't you come now?"

"Can't," Buffalo Bill replied with unsatisfactory brevity. "Can't," he repeated explosively to drown a querulous voice beneath him, once more raised in muffled complaint.

"Oh, do come on, James!" cried the twins, impatiently, from the middle distance.

James lifted his straw hat in recognition of the summons.

"Go on," he called, "I'll overtake you."

They obeyed, and once more he turned to the rebellious small boy.

"Look here," he said, "you're not showing the proper spirit at all, Elmer. You're the only one of the Get Togethers who hasn't given the fifty cents each of us promised for the Bible we're going to present to Mr. Cush because he's been teaching in the Sunday-school ten years. I paid your share so we could buy the Bible, and now you owe me fifty cents."

He who, in less sordid surroundings, was the peerless scout of the prairies, blinked at his accuser and muttered huskily.

James clucked in well-bred exasperation.

"Then if your mother wouldn't give you the fifty cents, it's only because you didn't explain things to her. I'll go and speak to her now myself."

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He turned to go. Eager though Buffalo Bill was for his tormentor's departure, muffled sounds of woe, welling up from beneath him, urged him to speak loudly:

"She ain't home," he announced, casting a hasty glance toward the house to assure himself that no familiar form was visible there to refute his statement.

"Then I shall see her later," James promised, "and put the whole proposition up to her squarely. Do you want to be the only one of the class who can't go to Mr. Cush's house to-night and surprise him by presenting our gift? We're going to go up through the melon patch so he won't see us coming, and we're going to sing the Get Together song right outside the library window. Mr. Cush will probably ask us in, and maybe give us ice-cream or some of his wonderful watermelons.

"You've just got to pay me that fifty cents," he insisted. "You promised, Elmer. If you don't—what's that noise?"

"Probably it's the band tunin' up," Buffalo Bill said desperately, but for once the power of suggestion failed absolutely.

"It is not," James contradicted. "It's some one crying."

His diagnosis was not without brilliance. It might have been a falsetto fog-horn or a siren suddenly gone mad. The trapdoor upon which Elmer Doremus, alias Buffalo Bill, had been seated so uncompromisingly rose beneath him, canting him off, and, amid the clammy atmosphere of wet sawdust and sweating ice thus released, Antelope Edward, née Edwina Cole, seven years old, emerged once more into the pleasant and sunlit world of men.

She wept. Her pink dress was dishevelled and displayed patches of a more vivid hue where she had rested in close contact with the contents of the ice-house. Sawdust clung to her bobbed hair and ran down her plump cheeks in streams of tears. She gazed reproachfully at Buffalo Bill, balefully at James Mickens, and gave herself over entirely to lamentation. Her performance was an impressive illustration of what complete concentration can accomplish.

"What's the matter, Edwina?" James demanded, patting her sympathetically on the shoulder. Five words Antelope Edward contrived to utter before a fresh paroxysm overtook her.

"None of your darn bizness!" she squealed, and surrendered once more to the lavish outpouring of woe.

Stung by this flouting of his chivalrous offices, Mr. Mickens allowed the mantle of maturity to slip from him a little.

"Oh, Elmer," he crowed spitefully, "playing with girls! What I know! Elmer Doremus is stuck on Edwina Cole. Elmer and Edwina, oh! ho! ho!"

The slam of a screen door distracted Buffalo Bill's mind from his rapidly maturing but ill-advised intention of assault, battery, and possible mayhem. His mother was hurrying down the porch steps.

"Shut up," he commanded James valorously, and then in a wheedling tone: "Lissen, if I give you—if I give you a quarter, will you promise not to say anything to anybody?"

Still chanting his abhorrent singsong, James shook his head mockingly.

"Fifty cents," Buffalo Bill proposed desperately.

"Elmer and Edwina, oh! ho! ho!" James lilted, but he nodded and held out his hand. Unbuttoning the flap of a hip pocket, Buffalo Bill exhumed two shiny quarters, and pressed them into his tormentor's palm. The hideous ditty ceased. Encouraged by this collapse of a competitor, Edwina sought a still higher and shriller note. James, once more the bright young man of affairs, set off in pursuit of the vanished twins, tipping his hat politely to Mrs. Doremus as she bore down upon the clamorous Antelope Edward.

"Edwina," Mrs. Doremus demanded, shaking her, "what's the matter? What happened to you?"

Edwina drew a quavering breath and held it as long as possible.

"Nothing," she burst forth at length, and surpassed all previous efforts in a long, calliope-like wail.

"Then," said the practical woman, sharply, "stop that nonsense. Stop it this instant!" and, being thus adjured, Antelope Edward subsided into feeble moanings and convulsive catchings at breath.

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Fixed by his mother's penetrating eye, Buffalo Bill spoke in explanation:

"We was playin' we was settlers in the ice-house here," he recited indignantly, "and I saw that old James Mickens and his old cousins comin', and I knew they'd laff at me for playin' with a girl, so I ast Antelope—I asked Edwina, here, to hide in the ice-house till they went past, and she could play they was a sheriff's poss' that was huntin' fir her, and she did, and that old James Mickens he stopped and talked so long that Edwina got scared."

The look he cast at his weak-hearted but strong-lunged pardner, Antelope Edward, was too much to be borne.

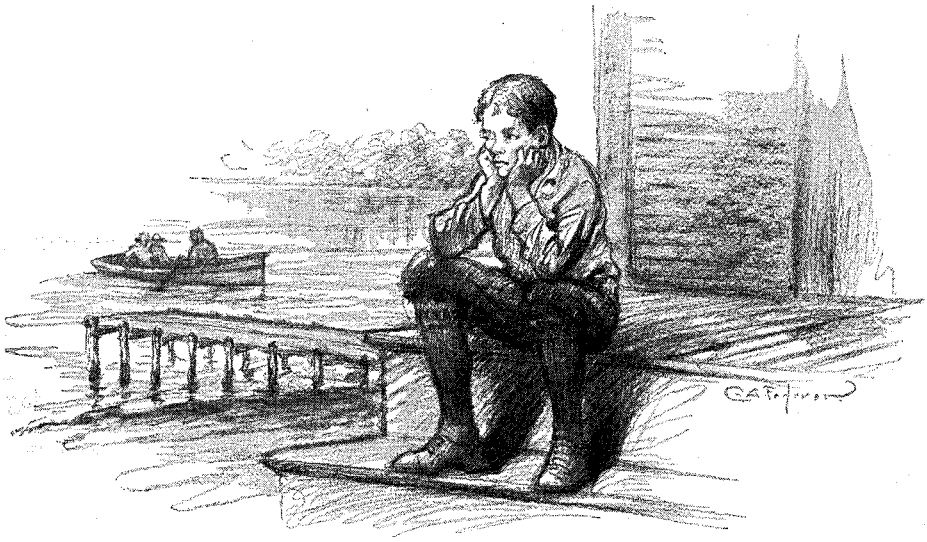
"A-a-a-a-aw!" she bellowed remorsefully, "I didn't mean to, Buffalo Bill. Honest, I didn't, but it was awful cold—and wet in that place—and I think I heard a rat. A-a-a-a-aw!"

"Edwina Cole," Mrs. Doremus said crisply, "stop that nonsense. Stop it at once. Child, you're wringing wet. Elmer, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, treating a little girl like that. Suppose people do know you and Edwina play together. I should think you'd be proud of it."

Elmer made no reply more articulate than a grunt. Already he had learned that parents commune with their offspring across a wide canyon in which are buried the experiences and woes of their own childhoods.

"It's almost time for the memorial service," Mrs. Doremus pursued, brushing caked sawdust from the pink dress of Antelope Edward. "You come into the house with me, child, and let me fix your hair. Elmer, you better start right away."

"Mamma," Buffalo Bill queried in ingenuous eagerness, "what did Senator Baggs ever do? Why do we have to have a band and services and everything here when he's being buried in Trenton, or some place?"



Buffalo Bill sat, solitary and impassive, on the top step.—Page 615.

"Senator Baggs," Mrs. Doremus began, and then groped for specific information. "Senator Baggs," she finished with impressive severity, "was a senator."

"Yes'm," her offspring said meekly as he and Antelope Edward followed her toward the house.

Led by a sorrowfully wailing band, the vicarious funeral procession crawled down Maple Avenue, surveyed from the sidewalk by the few citizens not included in its ranks. Sandwiched between the Knights Templar and the Volunteer Firemen, the Sunday-school children trudged, each class shepherded by its teacher.

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At the head of the Get Together class, one hundred per cent strong through the last-minute arrival of Elmer Doremus, strode Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush, brave in a cutaway, patent-leather shoes, gray trousers, and a tall hat boasting a mourning band.

With the September sun adding flavor to the great watermelons that were the chief pride of his heart; with that same sun shining upon the one hundred per cent present ranks of the Sunday-school class, which was his secondary boast; with his personal acquaintance with the late lamented Theophilus to set him apart from the common herd of volunteer mourners, Mr. Cush's soul this day was filled to overflowing. He beamed upon his pupils. Even Elmer, the black sheep, received an oleaginous smile. As Mr. Cush walked along beside his charges he framed in his mind a new peroration for the eulogy he was soon to deliver.

A half-hour later, the voice of Mr. Cush rose and fell in oratory with a somnolent influence. Buffalo Bill, seated with the Get Together class, was nodding as though in solemn confirmation of the

sentiments the speaker voiced, when a tittering in his pew aroused him. Something obviously mirthful on a scrap of paper was being passed from one of his mates to the other. Eagerly he reached out a hand for it. Quite as eagerly it was thrust into his palm. It was a libellous pencil sketch. A figure, evidently intended for a human male, sat upon a receptacle of some sort, from which protruded a balloon, bearing the legend "Lemme out!" Beneath, was inscribed: "Elmer Doremus and Edwina Cole."

"When I say all the pupils of the Sabbath-school," Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush was announcing in a playful tone, and with an arch smile, "that includes Elmer Doremus, who does not seem to be paying attention. Ah, thank you, Elmer. Much better!

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"All the pupils of the Sabbath-school, to resume, should not let this impressive and eloquent tribute to Theophilus Baggs end here. At four o'clock this afternoon the mortal remains of this great man will be lowered to their final resting-place in a cemetery far from here, and I suggest that each child, and, indeed, each man and woman, within the reach of my voice, cease whatever he is doing at four o'clock to-day—and I am sure that on an occasion like this, it will only be something of which Theophilus Baggs would approve—and stand with bowed head and hands clasped, thus, for a few minutes in silent tribute."

For purposes of illustration, he followed his own prescription and stood for a moment, head bowed and hands clasped, while Buffalo Bill wondered dreamily whether the privilege of eating watermelons as often as he wished was responsible for the melon-like figure of his Sunday-school teacher.

He remained immersed in dietetic hypotheses until the sudden stir and the buzz of conversation informed him that this ordeal was at an end. The first remarks of the members of the Get Together Sunday-school class apprised him that another, and infinitely more bitter, was just beginning.

"Hey!" demanded Willis Petrie as Buffalo Bill surged against him in his struggle to reach the aisle, "where you goin'? Back to the ice-house?"

The trapdoor upon which Elmer Doremus, alias Buffalo Bill, had been seated so uncompromisingly rose beneath him.—Page 616.

The appreciative snicker that greeted this gem of wit inspired him to produce another.

"I s'pose," he added even more loudly, "you're 'fraid Edwina'll freeze to death less'n you get there quick."

"Aw," faltered Buffalo Bill, "aw, shut up!"

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He should have known that such counsel could only produce an effect directly contrary to his words.

In the succeeding three minutes, which were hours long to Buffalo Bill, the Get Together Sunday-school class outdid itself. Beset by so many insults, the recipient found himself unable to resent any of them. Even Claude Harrison, a notorious ladies' man, who had good reason to dread the martial prowess of Buffalo Bill, giggled, "Elmer and Edwina, the ice-house twins!" and escaped unscathed.

Adults viewed Buffalo Bill with some concern as he shouldered his way to the door. It was strange, they said, that on a pleasant day like this, a child should suffer so from heat.

In the vestibule, Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush had stationed himself to receive congratulations. His position had been so well taken that it was next to impossible for any one to escape without proffering them.

A cross-current in the stream of people caught Buffalo Bill and held him momentarily close to his Sunday-school teacher, who was listening blandly to a petition presented by Miss Ava Mandeville, of the Christian Endeavor.

"I shall be very glad to furnish six melons," J. Throckmorton promised when she paused," and since the affair is to be for charity, I'll insist on giving them to you, Miss Mandeville—at half my regular price. I'll put them on ice at once."

"Oh—thank you," Miss Mandeville responded doubtfully.

Mr. Cush extended a soft, warm hand to Buffalo Bill and, once having clasped his victim, turned again with a ponderous air of coquetry to Miss Mandeville and others who lingered about him.

"Now here," he began, "is a little boy that knows the value of ice as a—shall I say an enhancer of admirable qualities, Elmer?—I am told that this morning Elmer, while playing with little Edwina Cole——"

Frantically, the victim of verbal vivisection wrenched himself free and forced his way from the church. As he gained the open, the heavy voice of Mr. Cush led the burst of laughter that rose behind him.

Freed at last from the sanctuary, Buffalo Bill swore deeply, searching the iniquitous depths of his mind for terms sufficiently blasphemous to express his emotion.

"Devil," exclaimed Buffalo Bill, "devil, devil, devil!"

He was aware that Antelope Edward

lingered on the opposite side of the street, a chubby, wistful figure in a slightly stained pink dress.

"Hey, iceman," some one called behind him. He turned to face a grinning trio, James Mickens, Willis Petrie, and Roscoe Simmons, pillars of the Sunday-school and ringleaders in the plot to present the unspeakable Cush with a Bible.

"Shut your dirty mouth!" Buffalo Bill invited with vehemence.

"Why, iceman!" the virtuous Mr. Mickens giggled. "What language! Shame on you!"

"Hey, iceman," Roscoe Simmons supplemented, "there's Edwina. You better put her back in the ice-house. It's a warm day."

He nodded for his companions' benefit to the wistful little girl waiting on the opposite curb. She turned away, and their snickers bred insanity in the mind of Elmer Doremus, such insanity as the jongleurs of an elder age treasured and sang. He disregarded his simpering tor-

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mentors. He lifted up his voice and shouted to the figure in pink, lingering patiently across the street.

"Wait a minute, Edwina," this madman called. "I'm coming."

For a space they trudged along together in silence. The glance that Antelope Edward stole toward her champion, now and again, held something more than the admiration and respect due an older and more resourceful scout and Indian slayer. She, whose most precious possession was the name he had given her, belied her sex and added fresh lustre to her cherished title by waiting for him to speak. It was a long wait.

"I know what," he said at length.

"What?" she demanded raptly.

"That old chief Cush," he growled, "he's got a lot of fine mustangs in his melon-patch, old pardner. Less sneak up there and take our pick."

"O-o-oh," she sighed in horrified admiration. "That's stealing, Buffalo Bill."

"Huh," he snorted, "that old Indian has more mustangs than he knows what to do with, and 'sides I've given him the Bible fifty cents I was keeping to buy cap pistols. He and his darned old Get Together class make me sick."

He dwelt at some length on the painful events of the hour before, and sketched unsympathetically the plans for the surprise that was to take place that evening.

"They're gonna sneak up through his darned old melon-patch at eight o'clock," he announced bitterly. "I wisht old Cush would think they was stealing melons and 'rest 'em all.

"Maybe," he concluded more briskly, "if we steal the biggest mustang in the varmint's herd, he'll think they did it. What say, pardner?"

"Right, Buffalo Bill," she acquiesced, "and here's a honest plainsman's hand on it, pardner."

On the edge of the woodland, Antelope Edward and Buffalo Bill paused that afternoon and searched the terrain ahead, hands shielding their eyes in correct scout fashion. Before them lay a corn-field, muttering huskily in the gentle wind. Between the rows, here and there, melons lay immense and opulent, like wallowing hogs. In the distance, above the tasselled plumes of the corn-stalks, "Idle Hour," the residence of J. Throckmorton Cush, gentleman farmer and melon-grower extraordinary, shone in the afternoon sun.

"We want to get the best he has in his herd," Buffalo Bill hissed, and Antelope Edward followed.

Through the long corn-stalk-bordered aisles they ranged, admonishing each other to caution as the sprawling vines caught at their ankles and tripped them. Eventually the breath and the courage of Antelope Edward ebbed away simultaneously.

"Here," she gasped with desperate determination, "is the biggest in the whole herd, Buffalo."

The master scout was unconvinced. "There's bigger ones further on," he insisted, but he could not move his pardner.

"How we goin' to carry away one this big?" she demanded practically. Buffalo Bill considered the problem for a minute.

The whistle of a locomotive sounded beyond the woods. Antelope Edward straightened, then clasped her hands before her and bowed her head. Her pard-

"When I say all the pupils of the Sabbath-school, that includes Elmer Doremus, who does not seem to be paying attention."—Page 618.

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ner looked at her in astonishment. At his third query she abandoned her reverent pose an instant to snap at him in a tone of intense irritation:

"That's the four o'clock train. At this minute they're putting Senator Baggs into the ground, and I'm standing in silent tribute like they said we should."

Properly awed, Buffalo Bill emulated her attitude. So they stood, two children of the "Angelus," bowed in reverence above the defiant bulk of the grandfather of all watermelons.

"And what," a voice demanded behind them, "is the meaning of this?"

Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush, the Indian varmint, stepped into view, and at his sudden materialization, two hardy scouts quailed and grew white. Their effort to recover their voices gave Mr. Cush ample opportunity to speak further.

"Ah, Elmer Doremus, I might have expected this. I might have thought you capable of such conduct, but that you should lead a little girl into"—Mr. Cush sought for a stronger word and fell back upon "theft"—"into theft, I repeat, it is hard to believe the testimony of my senses."

He glowered. Buffalo Bill stood paralyzed. His effort to speak accomplished nothing more noteworthy than a stifled croak.

"May I ask you," Mr. Cush continued, "to explain your presence here? What were you doing? I will not countenance falsehood."

"We are standing in silent tribute of Senator Baggs like you told us to," Antelope Edward blurted.

"Hum!" said Mr. Cush, disconcerted for an instant. He returned to the attack, with irony as his weapon. "And then, I suppose, you were coming up to my residence to pay a social call upon me, is that it?"

"Yessir," said Buffalo Bill desperately.

"What for?" demanded their captor with a hideous curiosity.

While Buffalo Bill gulped and stammered, inspiration hovered above Antelope Edward and touched her compassionately with a brilliant wing.

"We wanted," she said clearly, "to tell you some one was going to steal your melons."

"Indeed," Mr. Cush scoffed. Beneath the glare of one pair of sceptical and one pair of astounded eyes, she did not blench.

"Go on," the grim owner of the melons prompted, for Antelope Edward seemed to have run down suddenly.

"Well," she hesitated, "we heard these boys tell about how they were going to sneak up into the field to-night and steal your melons, an' Elmer and I thought you ought to be told about it"—the glance she stole at the transfixed Buffalo Bill seemed to fortify her—"so we remembered what you said about doin' somep'n good to-day, and we tried to do it."

"When is all this going to happen?" Mr. Cush demanded, with an effort to appear unimpressed.

"I think they said they were going to come up at eight to-night," replied this inspired child; "didn't they, Buff—Elmer?"

The intensity of the glare she directed at him revived the semiconscious Buffalo Bill somewhat. After considerable travail, he managed to croak an assent.

Bitter experience and a pride, well-nigh paternal, in the fruit of his vines had combined, long since, to convince Mr. Cush that all the world plotted against the well-being of his watermelons. The guileless visage of Antelope Edward, the impassive face of the stunned Buffalo Bill, now compelled him to discard his earlier suspicion. The grunt he uttered was his apology therefor.

"The next time you have something to tell me," he went on ungraciously, "come around by the road. You might have ruined some of my best vines. Now give me the names of these young ruffians."

"Don't know them?" he went on as Antelope Edward shook her head; "probably some of that outrageous carpet-mill crowd. I shall give them a warm reception. I shall wait for them to-night with Major and my shotgun."

"Oh-o-oh!" sighed the younger plainsman, aghast.

"Of course," Mr. Cush condescended to explain, "I shall only load the weapon with rock salt. That will sting, without injuring, and my cries and Major's barking will, I am sure, frighten them within an inch of their rascally lives. You may go home now, children. You have done well."

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So they stood, two children of the "Angelus," bowed in reverence above the defiant bulk of the grandfather of all watermelons.—Page 622.

Still mute, Buffalo Bill followed his pardner back toward the woodland. He permitted her to scramble through the fence ahead of him. Not until the woodland had taken them deep into its bosom did he venture to speak.

"Gosh!" he muttered, and at this surpassing tribute Antelope Edward looked at him shyly and giggled.

Out of the gathering dusk that evening a form emerged and bore down upon Buffalo Bill, who sat alone on the porch of his

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parents' home. It was James Mickens, listed somewhat to starboard by the weight of the volume he carried under one arm.

"Come along, Elmer," he hailed; "we're late now. The class will all be waiting at Roscoe's."

"I—I got to go to bed," Buffalo Bill faltered.

Mr. Mickens mistook the weakness of this explanation for partial confession, and prepared to salt the suspected wound.

"Oh-ho!" he remarked, "being punished, eh? Then you can't sign the Get Together letter, either, Elmer. It's over at Roscoe's now."

He drew out a watch, with considerable ostentation, and peered at it closely in the dusk.

"Twenty of eight," he announced importantly to the impassive Buffalo Bill. "Roscoe's afraid of the dog and wants to go around by the road, but we'll be late if we do."

"That dog," said Buffalo Bill, and choked, "that dog," he continued in a strange voice that he fondly imagined expressed unconcern, "is locked up. He's got the mange or something."

"How do you know?" the other queried.

"I was talking to old Cush this afternoon," the master scout replied, with entire truth.

"That is no way to speak of Mr. Cush," James reproved. "Then we'll go up the back way. Good-by, Elmer."

The gravel of the driveway crunched loudly beneath his retreating feet. Once or twice he glanced back over his shoulder with the uneasy air of one who feels he is followed.

He entered the Simmons house. Out of the deepening shadows a whistle rose, in feeble and none too accurate emulation of the whip-poor-will. The reply was an even sketchier imitation. Two small shades detached themselves from the murk of the roadside bushes and approached each other with due caution.

"They're goin' up through the melon-patch," Buffalo Bill answered, gruff with pride. "Old Jim Mickens wasn't goin' to, but I made him."

"O-o-o-oh!" Antelope Edward gasped admiringly, and then, with practical brevity: "Beat it!"

Headed by the burdened James Mickens, the Get Togethers trooped down the Simmons steps, with laughter and raucous jest, and, while the scouts held their breath, took, not the road winding about the hill past the door of J. Throckmorton Cush, but the more direct path up over the height.

At the crest of the hill the jests and laughter of the Get Togethers were hushed with much sibilant admonition to caution by James Mickens, who managed to climb the fence without once relinquishing the precious volume to less worthy hands. His classmates followed, with sundry repressed snickers.

Behind, in the darkness of the woods, the two scouts stood waiting, holding their breath until it seemed they would burst. Antelope Edward giggled, and was hushed indignantly by Buffalo Bill. Had she been older, the tension of the moment would have driven her into hysterics.

"Shut up!" Buffalo Bill commanded. "Listen."

There was little to hear in that prescient silence; only the hoarse whisper of agitated corn-stalks and a muttered exclamation as this or that member of the Get Together class tripped over a melon-vine.

"Aw," began Buffalo Bill, in a voice in which relief and disappointment were balanced, "I'll bet he never——"

The rest of the sentence went unuttered. From the centre of the melon-patch some one shouted valiantly. A dog barked. A gun spoke twice, and the echoes of the reports were drowned by a chorus of yells, pierced and eventually dominated by a shrieked solo of woe and anguish.

Something of the panic that boiled up on the melon-patch swept over and clutched the two small plotters crouched in the shadows of the wood. With one accord they turned and fled.

Yet even as he stampeded down the slope, peace and triumph accompanied Buffalo Bill. He had recognized the shrillest voice in that chorus of terror. It belonged to James Mickens, who, stung by the blast of rock salt, had cast the precious volume from him, and was announcing to a world manifestly engrossed in its own violent emotions that his end was nigh.

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On the porch of Buffalo Bill's home, his mother and father sat rocking and talking of immensely uninteresting things. They paid no heed to their son as, still breathing hard, he seated himself on the step and looked out across the mist-clothed lake. A bat flickered among the kindling stars. Far out, a fish jumped loudly.

"Elmer," his mother said at length, "did you hear that noise a little while ago?"

"What noise, mamma?" he queried.

His father scratched a match.

"I guess it was just coon-hunters hallooing up on the hill," he opined with a yawn. "Son, it's your bedtime."

His offspring rose slowly and absent-mindedly.

"Yessir," he responded. "Papa, what was the name of a scout that was lots better, even, than Buffalo Bill?"

Shady

BY EVA MOORE ADAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD HOPPER

IT was Shady's great day. And, as always when he labored under any sort of excitement, he sang in a tuneless undertone some scrap of half-remembered verse. Over and over he sang it. All I could get was the word "baffled." I listened hoping to hear the rest of it. At length I patched it together.

"It is—but to dry one's eyes
And laugh at a fall
And baffled——"

He never went beyond that "baffled." For once he got on my nerves. It was not my great day. The girl whom Shady loved was coming at last. I—I happened to be only the girl who loved Shady. There's a difference.

"For the love of Mike, Shady," I snapped, "say the rest of it."

"The rest of what?" he inquired as he filled my favorite blue bowl with masses of yellow desert poppies.

We were making the ranch-house beautiful for the coming of the girl he loved.

"The rest of that thing you're mutilating. Baffled, baffled, I'm sick of the word. Say the rest. What comes after baffled?"

He looked at me in surprise, not being accustomed to have me snap at him like that.

"Why, I don't know what comes after it," he said; "I've even forgotten who wrote it."

"Then, please, shut up."

Shady regarded me with astonishment, then came over and took me firmly by the shoulders, laughing meanwhile.

"You old fraud. You're as excited as I am over Nona's coming."

"Possibly," I returned very crossly; "but at least I'm not running everybody else crazy with my excitement."

"But, my gracious, girl, don't you understand——"

"Yes, I understand perfectly."

Then because he looked so crestfallen and because he was making such an unholy mess of the poppies I grinned at him cheerfully and arranged the flowers to suit myself.

I did understand—too well. Three years before, I had gone to teach in a little town back in Mississippi. There I had met Shady, which is neither his name nor the color of his hair. He'd been nicknamed Shady because his hair partook not at all of that peaceful quality. Even then he was in love with Nona—had been for years. Nobody could blame him for that. She was specially cut out and designed for all men's worship. I'd have loved her myself if I'd been a man. As it was, I couldn't hate her, though I wanted to badly enough. She was a sort of Dresden

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shepherdess affair with sweetness and charm and brains to match. I wonder whoever conceived the notion that pretty women haven't brains, anyway. I've seen so many of them clever to the point of shrewdness. So with Nona. To her uncommon beauty had been added that most excellent of all gifts—common sense.

I was everything which she was not. She was a slender racing-car where I was a truck. I could bear heavier burdens, perhaps, but if one has the wit to arrive swiftly while the other fellow drags the load, whose fault is it? I admired her tremendously in a wistful sort of way, looking at her, no doubt, through Shady's eyes.

Nona was at her best with men around her, while I was nervous and ill at ease. It wasn't just her beauty which attracted them, either. I give her credit for that.

"How do you do it, Nona?" I asked.

"What?"

"Make men like you."

"That's easy," she answered; "by liking them."

It may have been just that simple to her, but to me it presented a most vexatious problem. Not that I cared about the regard of men—as men. I wanted to like them as human beings and be liked by them as such.

"That's just the trouble," diagnosed Nona, the man-expert. "The moment a woman looks on a man simply as another human being she's lost so far as his feeling toward her is concerned."

"Well," I complained, "women like me. Why don't men for the same reasons?"

"They don't—that's all," returned Nona succinctly.

Yet that precisely was what Shady did. He treated me like—well like a person—or as he might have treated another man. He did not impose on me the obligation—as so many of those young fellows did—of remembering always that I was a woman.

He didn't think it remiss of me not to know how to use my lashes effectively nor did he expect me to glance at him sidewise when I could more conveniently look him straight in the eye. And I, being impractical, as always, fell—no, walked straight in love with him despite the fact that I knew, as did every one else, that Shady belonged heart and soul to Nona.

At that it wasn't so bad. I didn't go round cherishing a broken heart, understand, and no one ever suspected me of wasting affection on any man. The love I bore Shady, therefore, was strictly between me and myself.

Finally one day Shady told me with his face as radiant as his bright head that Nona had consented to marry him the following spring. Thanking the Lord then, for my hard face, which revealed nothing of the softness of my foolish heart, I told him how glad I was. And really I was. I wished happiness for Shady more fiercely than I wished Shady for myself. But by spring he had developed a cough which grew steadily worse. I met him one day on my way to Nona's. The look on his face upset me.

"What's the matter with Shady?" I asked Nona presently, in what I'm afraid was a very censorious tone.

Nona hesitated, then said: "Shady and I have just talked it over and we've decided to postpone our marriage."

"Till when?" I wasn't ordinarily so impertinent, but, as I said, his look had upset me.

"Indefinitely," she answered quietly with no such look on her own serene countenance.

"Why, Nona?" I persisted, trying to steady myself against the insane desire to shake her till her pretty teeth rattled, likewise her pretty serenity.

"Sit down here, Martha," Nona said, patting the place beside her on the couch.

"Martha," by the way, exactly suited me—that is, it suited the austere outside me.

I plumped down beside the other girl. I always found her irresistible when she gave me that blue look through unnecessarily thick lashes. Lucky I wasn't a man, for I'd have been crawling in her train, also.

"I'm afraid," she said, looking at me straightly now, "that Shady's cough is more than just a cough."

"Nona, you don't mean—?" I stopped because my voice was shrill with fear.

"Yes," she nodded gravely. "Tuberculosis."

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From a drawing by Edward Hopper.

"I'm afraid," she said, looking at me straightly now, "that Shady's cough is more than just a cough."—Page 626.

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And my exquisite little shepherdess sat there with the wise, kindly, but unperturbed manner of a physician breaking bad news.

I, who was built to withstand shocks, wrung my hands and cried:

"What will you do?"

"Do?" she answered calmly. "There's nothing to do but wait. Of course, I can't marry him under the circumstances. I have suggested," she said practically, "that he go somewhere and get well."

"But," I said, "how do you know he will get well? Oh, Nona," I begged, "marry him now and go with him and see to it that he does get well. Banishment from you would be the worst thing for him."

"Martha," she exclaimed impatiently, moving away to the dressing-table, where she busily polished her nails, "for a girl who ought to have a little sense, you have the least of any one that I know."

"And you," I stormed, giving way to the hot anger I felt against her, "have more sense than you have heart. Otherwise you'd marry him and take care of him."

Nona drew her dainty self up. I felt in my bones that she was going to squelch me, and she did.

"My dear girl," she said loftily, "you forget that there might be children."

True, I hadn't thought of such a thing. Taking advantage of my startled expression, she proceeded.

"Do you realize how wicked it would be to bring little children into the world under the circumstances?"

I felt and looked very cheap, indeed. Nona could make me appreciate my utter brainlessness more than any one I knew. She was right, as usual. She had common sense enough to consider the situation from every angle and from the view-point of the future, while I could think only of Shady and the present.

"There—there need not be any children," I stammered.

Nona gave me a scornful look.

By the end of the school term Shady had gone to Arizona. Nor did he go too soon. He had almost lost his voice and could walk only with the aid of a cane. I had realized, of course, the injustice of my attack on Nona. Even if she'd been willing to marry him, he was not the sort of man to permit the sacrifice. Still, I thought resentfully, with all her cleverness, she might have found some way to help him.

The day he left, a few of us went up to see him. I shall never forget that afternoon, nor Shady's gallant attempt to keep any one from feeling sorry for him. He provoked us all to gay badinage and threw in, now and then, a word to keep things going. He steadily avoided Nona's sad blue look, and when seriousness threatened to fall on our little group he would mutely appeal to me to help him out.

Nona alone made little pretense of gayety. She was a lovely picture of sadness. Once, when the blue eyes filled, Shady shook his head at her and whispered: "Don't break my defenses down."

And because my heart ached so, I made a successful harlequin of myself to ease somewhat his pain and to keep his defenses intact.

He didn't mention where he was actually going or why. He blithely insisted that he was bound for the border to help lick the Mexicans. Nona openly wiped her eyes and I had the satisfaction, just at the time, of hating her. In the face of his plea she could indulge in tears while I—had to be very gay.

Some time thereafter I heard from him. He had written from the firing-line and said in part: "The doctor in New Orleans gave me two months. Three have passed, but my flag is still flying."

But between the lines, I read heart-sickness and extreme loneliness.

That letter determined me in a scheme which I'd long cherished. I wrote to the little town on the Gila River where Shady was sojourning and applied for a position in the school there. By some miracle, I got it after I had satisfied the school board by means of much correspondence and doctors' certificates that I was not tubercular.

Nona was delighted to have me go. She felt, as I did, that loneliness was bad for Shady. Of course, she didn't know that I had secured the position primarily to be near him.

And no one else did. Least of all would Shady himself ever suspect such a thing. She implored me to look out for him and see that he take good care of himself. I was the sort of woman, worse luck, to

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whom any girl would be willing to intrust her lover. They felt instinctively that a man was absolutely safe with me. Which same confidence neither comforted nor flattered me.

The look of joy in Shady's eyes when I arrived brought tears to my own. Arizona is a great place to be in if you have a friend along, and you become fascinated by her in time, friend or no friend, but just at first she tries the stuff you're made of with a stark sort of loneliness. I obtained a room at a ranch-house on the edge of the village. Shady and another T. B., as they frankly call them there, had rooms at the same place.

Dozens of times in those first few months I came dangerously near to being a quitter. I was a stranger in a very strange land. It's no fun to be so far from home with only the companionship of a ghost of a man who didn't have even the ghost of a heart to give—that same heart being in the keeping of another girl some two thousand miles away.

Night after night I lay under the open sky choking back the tears and fighting the desire for flight. But Shady's racking cough from the screened porch on the other side of the house steadied my resolution to stay while the stars swung close above my cot and night itself was a velvet robe about me.

Slowly Shady began to improve. At least it was gratifying to hear the doctor say that he owed much of the improvement to me. I did bully him into drinking his milk and consuming numberless eggs, poor chap! And I talked with him and walked with him, through all of which Nona ran as a strong undercurrent. He was never so downcast but the sound of her name would brighten him. I sang her songs to him, I read the books she liked to him, I played cards (there's nothing I detest more) as she once had done with him. I became Nona to him—by proxy.

The sentimental Mexicans thought they scented a beautiful romance. Long since, they'd taken Shady to their hearts. Now, for his sake, they took me. They thought me *muy sympatica*, and told Shady in their soft, pretty language what a peach of a wife—or words to that effect—he'd be getting. And Shady thought it a great joke. He laughed and asked me in Spanish if I loved him and I, trying to keep my lips from trembling, would reply in the only Spanish words I knew: "*Si, mucho.*"

But at night, I'd lie there with a heart at any rate, full of sacrifices with strife, and listen to the Manuels and Carmelitas down the street, singing "La Golondrina," to Shady coughing, coughing, and I railed at Nona, who was too far away, and at the stars, which were too near.

By the end of a year, Shady was like himself once more, the coughing had ceased, and the doctor said if he'd make up his mind to spend his life on the desert, he was as good as cured. This was great news, and I was distressed to find myself a bit unhappy over it. Shady, ill, needed me, had no one but me. Shady, well, wanted only Nona. It's not easy to be a composite mother and sister and sweetheart to a man for a year and a half, then realize you're nothing to him after all.

Anyway, I reflected peevishly I needn't take so much credit to myself. Nona had done it all, really. It had been the thought of her which had buoyed him up and encouraged him to fight for his strength and health.

Still, it was springtime on the desert—a difficult time to be fair to a girl who had intrusted her lover to some one else. A very fine friendship existed between Shady and me. And it's not always possible to tell where friendship breaks off and something deeper begins. Until the doctor became so positive about his recovery, I had been treasonable enough to Nona to hope that the "something deeper" might begin. Why not? Nona might have her choice of a dozen men or more. For me, there was only one man in the world—Shady. I didn't hope for any wild happiness. To people who have that, my ideal of marriage must have been pretty skimpy. Peace and contentment were all I asked; that and the need for each other. And if this sounds staid and middle-aged, I had the satisfaction of thinking that he and I could begin where too many married lovers leave off.

But the doctor's verdict brought me up short. I wrote to Nona (Shady had quixotically denied himself the pleasure of corresponding with her) and told her that he was well and, bearing in mind the fact that he must always live on the desert to

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stay so, I raved on at some length about the glories of desert life and everything, not leaving out the stars or that old hit about the velvet quality of the nights. I carefully failed to mention the glare, the more than occasional temperatures, and the coyotes. Oh, yes, I left out the skunks, too. I wonder now that I didn't try to sell that description to the Southern Pacific Company or some real-estate man in Phœnix. I'm sure they'd have grabbed at it for tourist bait.

Two weeks later, I reflected grimly that my letter had been all too effective. A wire from Nona had arrived asking me to be at the station three days from that time. She cautioned me not to tell Shady.

"She wants to surprise him," I said to myself as I folded the yellow slip with fingers that trembled.

And just then a puff of wind took it out of my hands and blew it opened at the feet of Shady, who was just coming in at the gate. He picked it up, saw by accident Nona's name, then being, I suppose, very hungry for some word of her, deliberately read it all.

"Oh, Shady," I said in dismay, "she wanted to surprise you."

"It's just as well she didn't," he answered, his face a whole battle-field of emotions.

"You have the right to enjoy the anticipation, anyway," I excused him.

And so, Shady's great day had arrived and we were making the ranch-house into a bower suitable for his Dresden shepherdess. And I was very cross and wretched as I arranged the yellow poppies in my favorite blue bowl.

In the late afternoon, we drove Dave, the sad old horse, toward the station on one of the transcontinental lines five miles away. He asked me several times if I thought Nona would consider him "fit." He gleefully planned to confront her suddenly in all his glowing health. When the train pulled in, he stepped behind a loaded truck, and it was there presently that I greeted Nona, more beautiful than ever.

"Where is your luggage?" I demanded.

"Oh, it's on the train," she replied too casually, as she tried her old hypnotic trick of blue eyes through thick lashes.

"Well, let's have this porter take it off," I said, ignoring the trick. A snake-charmer himself would have had no effect on me that afternoon.

"But I'm not stopping," she answered, widening the blue eyes as though she expected me to know. "I'm only passing through."

"Nona, what do you mean? You can't pass through. You've got to stop." I laid almost violent hands upon her.

"Don't be absurd, Martha. Didn't you get my letter of explanation?"

I shook my head in sudden terror over what I knew was coming—terror for the man in earshot of everything we were saying. I tried to steer her away, but she seemed rooted to the spot and determined to say the thing I dreaded.

"I have just been married. I am on my honeymoon now. I wrote you," she repeated, as though I were somehow at fault, "a letter of explanation. Will you make it all right with Shady?"

Beautiful, cruel Nona—a letter of explanation! She colored a little, under my look.

"I'm sorry for Shady—of course," she added.

The wave of anger which swept over me left me with a sense of shakiness and nausea. She pitying Shady! I wanted to fall upon her dainty self and tear her into very small bits, but, instead, I fell back consciously on my resources as a woman—for the first time. In other words, I became a cat.

I purred silkily with the guilty knowledge that Shady could hear.

"Oh, my dear! You've made things so much easier for Shady and me."

The shot went home. Nona was all attention, blue eyes fixed incredulously upon me.

"You see, we've been so sorry for you ever since we learned how much we loved each other. Now," I said, taking a long breath, "we shall have nothing in the way of our happiness."

"Martha," she began; then remembered just in time to fall back on her own unlimited feminine resources. "How wonderful!" she concluded. But her gasping utterance of my name had revealed her wound.

"Come," she cried, catching my hand. "We have a moment. I want you to meet my husband."

But as the train was getting under way, she paused a moment on the step.

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"Oh, Shady," I said in dismay, "she wanted to surprise you."—Page 630.

"I wish you happiness," she said, "with your invalid. I always knew you'd make a good nurse."

Her eyes followed mine to Shady, walking slowly away toward Dave and the buggy. Her face lit up with admiration but not recognition.

"Since you've made up your mind to marry, though, why didn't you pick that splendid-looking chap? He seems to be a

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real man," she laughed, hoping to get back at me.

"I did and he is," I answered. "That's Shady."

And then the train moved slowly out. I smiled and waved good-by to Nona, whose wound by now, I hoped, was mortal.

But my pleasure was short-lived. I had to face Shady and for several reasons I didn't want to. Poor Shady between a faithless woman and a liar! Why had I told Nona that stuff about him and me?

I climbed into the buggy without looking at him. I couldn't bear it yet. For several miles we went in silence. All about us the desert blossomed. Walls of gray-green rocks were decked in gold and scarlet, the ocotillo in the immediate foreground made a slender flame against the blue of distant mountains. A meadowlark trilled somewhere among the poppies.

Self-pity had succeeded anger. First one silly tear, then another, splashed on my blouse. I fumbled for a handkerchief. Shady gravely offered his. He put one hand over mine.

"That was very decent of you—to save me from Nona's pity."

"Well," I sniffed, desperate and not caring anyway what happened, "it is all true so far as I am concerned."

Shady drove over to one side of the road, twisted the lines about the whip, then turned to me.

"Martha," he said in a very patient tone, "will you say that again?"

"It's all true so far as I am concerned," I repeated stubbornly; "and I don't see why you have to throw away your love on that hateful, selfish Nona."

Then I proceeded to shed all the tears I'd been holding back for a year and a half. It wasn't altogether unpleasant either with Shady's comforting arm tight about me.

When I had finished except for a few closing sniffs, Shady said, still very patiently: "Martha, you have the damndest way of expecting things of people. You've never let up on Nona. You never questioned my undying devotion to her when, as a matter of fact, I've known for a year that I loved you but I never dared to tell you—so set were you on my faithfulness to her. I didn't dream you cared that way. I was afraid I might lose you, altogether. And you were so dear, so dear."

Then quite irrelevantly he added: "Now I remember the rest of that verse which annoyed you this morning.

> 'It is—but to dry one's eyes
> And laugh at a fall
> And baffled—
> Get up and begin again.'"

Then I proceeded to shed all the tears I'd been holding back for a year and a half.

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Reflections of a Settlement Worker

BY GAYLORD S. WHITE
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MORE than twenty years ago I resigned from the pastorate of a city church to take a position as head resident in a social settlement. As I look back over these years, I am conscious of a shifting of my point of view with respect to certain matters. Life and work at the settlement have opened my eyes to a fresh range of social phenomena. I can say, as was said by a certain man of old: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." I may not be able to interpret the significance of all that I have seen; but I know that life presents a new face to me. Its whole aspect has been altered. That this is, in large part, the result of settlement experience I cannot doubt. When I came to the settlement, I had served for several years as a minister among working-class people. I thought I knew something about them. During my pastorate the work of the church had been reorganized along so-called "institutional" lines, and a new building erected admirably adapted to the needs of a social ministry. I mention this to show that I was already in sympathy with the growing social movement and committed to its ideals. I did not seem to myself, therefore, to be making what could be described as a radical change when I moved from my church to take up settlement duties.

At this point I ought to confess that I entertained certain notions about settlements and their work that might be more accurately described, as I look back upon them, as prejudices. For example, I shared the common impression that most settlements were "godless" institutions. I felt that the settlements that were not making it plain that they stood for the value of religion, if not giving it expression in organized form, were missing an opportunity and failing at a vital point. I had a dread of being accused of "hiding my colors." I sometimes went out of my way to make clear just where I stood; as when I experienced a certain sense of satisfaction in appearing at the outdoor games of the settlement athletic club on a Sunday afternoon, while I was still very new to the work, in a clerical waistcoat. Back of all this there was a worthy motive, but as I see it now I see that I was carrying into my new work my professional attitude as a minister. This was an egregious mistake. It violated the very essence of the settlement idea. Gradually this dawned on me. I began to understand that the ideal of the settlement resident is simply the ideal of the Good Neighbor. I learned to think of the settlement as a home and the residents as members of a "family," resolved to do their part as good neighbors in promoting the welfare of the whole neighborhood. I saw that this did not involve professionalism; that there was nothing professional about it; that the settlement resident was just one neighbor among many; one who perhaps had had greater advantages than some of the others, but one who, if he had much to contribute, had also much to learn. I found that there was no cut-and-dried programme that each settlement must follow, but that the work of each must be governed by the local neighborhood needs.

I learned, furthermore, that I was not there to profess anything—any social or political or theological creed, but rather to do my part as a decent citizen in cooperation with others to raise the standard of the neighborhood life and help to realize a true democracy, that people might "have life and have it abundantly." It came to me with something of a shock when I discovered that I had been looking at life as a Protestant parson and not as a simple-hearted human being. And there is really a vast difference between these

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two points of view. When I came to myself, I began to see the people and the life about me from a new angle. The people ceased to be potential church members or attendants, or Sunday-school scholars, people who must be visited and humored, encouraged and scolded, held up to their duties to the organization, and so on. They became just "folks," common people, with whom I was brought into contact by common human interests. This proved to be a most refreshing experience. I felt that I was coming to know people as they were and not as they wished the minister to think they were. I knew, of course, that people often were not frank with me as their pastor. They felt convinced that I would not approve all their standards, and they were quite right. But it was annoying and discouraging to have them dissemble and cloak their ways.

Because of the neighborly character of the settlement, one gets an opportunity to come into contact with all sorts of people. One of the valuable results of settlement experience came to me through just this fact. It introduced me to elements of the population about which I had had no personal knowledge. For instance, before I went to the settlement, I do not suppose that I had an acquaintance with as many as half a dozen Jews, and there was no Jew whom I could call a friend. Now I live in the midst of a large Jewish population—100,000 of them all about me, and I count many Jews my friends. The same is true with reference to the Italians. And just this chance of getting acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men is in itself a wonderful experience. Broadening one's knowledge of people deepens and clarifies one's understanding of them. It is here, as I have already intimated, that the settlement resident has an advantage over the representative of a profession. The worker of a relief society is prone to see in every poor family a need for case-work treatment, while the trained eye of the doctor will detect some signs of physical abnormality and the clergyman will be on the lookout for indications of moral instability and aberration of soul. But the settlement worker gets a broader view; he is not controlled by any specialized interest. He can truly say: "Nothing which relates to man can be a matter of unconcern to me." He is first of all a neighbor, desiring to help other neighbors, to bring within the reach of all a larger, fuller life. And so he is bound to be interested in all that interests his neighbors. He wants to know what are their problems and their aspirations. It is in this way that he comes to know and to understand a phase of life which the average man of education usually knows little about.

To speak again of my own experience, I do not think that I had much appreciation as a minister of the part which economic factors played in the life of the people to whom I was ministering. I knew, of course, that it was important to poor people to have a job, but somehow I did not realize that pretty much everything hinges on getting and holding the right kind of job. I failed to appreciate the full significance of the question of employment and a living wage, how it bore on every other interest—self-respect, church attendance, civic duty, spiritual idealism. In my preaching I tried to hold up high ideals of life and of service; and when people failed to respond I did not realize that in many cases income, or rather the lack of it in sufficient quantity, had much to do with their apathy. I do not think that I was exceptional in my rather dull comprehension of the significance of the wage question. As a matter of fact, few people were paying very much attention to it. We had not yet begun to hear discussions of the "standard of living." Even today it is doubtful if many people understand what this wage question means, who have not been brought into some sort of direct and human contact with working people. How many persons, for instance, can make vivid to their minds the implications of the fact that while the cost of maintaining a family just before the war at a minimum standard of decency and efficiency in an industrial community in the East had been estimated to be from $750 to $1,000 a year, four-fifths of the adult male workers were receiving less than $750, and 95 per cent less than $1,000? What do these dry figures mean? Well, they simply mean that hundreds of thousands of fathers and mothers in this country—not in Thibet or Timbuctoo, but in these United States

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—were unable without charity, either private or public, to give their children enough to eat and to wear and keep a roof over their heads. How can such parents hope to bring up their children in a way to make them efficient members of society? There have, of course, been changes since the war in wage scales and living costs, and it is often assumed that wages are relatively higher than before the war, that the purchasing power of the dollar is greater. We are told, however, that this is by no means always the case. For example, from a recent government report on wages of railroad employees it appears that from a quarter to a half million of them now receive an income insufficient to enable them to maintain an adequate standard of living. How many persons know that there are probably ten million people in this country living below the "poverty line," the level of income at which a bare subsistence, not an adequate standard of living, can be maintained? Or if they know it, how many give the matter a second thought unless it is brought home to them through some concrete case, through their knowledge of particular families, the Joneses, the Hennessys, the Onoratos, the Smolenskys, people we know, people who are struggling with just such problems and endeavoring to bring up a family on an insufficient income? Here is where settlement experience comes in. You *know* these people. You can better visualize the big problem because you have seen it in the small, concrete example. Is it any wonder that such conditions sap the physical and moral energy of the family? When it comes to church work, can you expect such people to listen with undivided attention and understanding hearts to the preaching of the Gospel and to be active workers in the church? Nor, incidentally, does it temper their distress to know that at times they are exploited by employers who stand out prominently in the community as church members?

It is poverty which is at the root of most of our social maladjustment; and some of the consequences of poverty present themselves to the poor in very concrete forms. They are encountered as problems in the bringing up of a family, problems of health, of education, of recreation. The question of health comes to the front, for example, in selecting a home. In a city like New York this means for a poor family renting a flat in a tenement-house. Those who must seek a low rent naturally have to put up with the poorest provision for light and air. This, of course, puts a handicap upon the children and heightens the chances that they will grow up with low resistance and make ready victims for tuberculosis and other diseases. In the case of education, the children of the poor must leave school as soon as the law allows and begin to contribute to the family income. A little more schooling, a little vocational or technical training might fit them to earn a higher wage and make further progress; but poverty is an inexorable tyrant and condemns many a child to fruitless work in a "blind-alley" occupation. Or consider what a difficult situation a tenement-house mother has to face who knows the value of the right kind of social life for her children but finds herself utterly unable to provide for it in the narrow limitations of the home. Even if there were physical space, the necessity of living "all in a clutter" makes a self-respecting family unwilling to have strangers come into the home. And this being so, the various forms of commercial recreation offer the only opportunities for multitudes of young people to enjoy that social life every normal human being craves and which, if rightly provided, can be such a strong influence for character. Those who know what the influence of the average dance hall is (and dancing is the most popular form of recreation for young people) will realize that those who frequent such places are incurring serious moral danger. Take the case of a young Italian girl which recently came to our notice. The father called at the settlement to tell us that his daughter of about twenty had not come home the night before. Could we help them find her? To make a long story short, it transpired that she had yielded to the allurements of a young man who sought her ruin and later, at his solicitation, had submitted to a criminal operation by a midwife. Finally, as the situation preyed on the girl's mind, she went in desperation to the police and made a complaint against the man. She

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herself was put under arrest as well as the man and the midwife. The report from the protective agency where the girl was cared for said that she was a girl of fine possibilities and was expected to make good. From her own story, pathetically unfolded to one of our workers, her downfall seems plainly due to the rigid attitude of her parents, who thought the only proper thing for a girl to do was to earn all she could, bring all her money home to her mother, stay in the house evenings, and have nothing to do with young people who went gadding about every night. She stood this as long as she could; then threw off restraint, accepted favors from a young man she met at a dance, let him pay for her good times, and before long she had lost her balance and the inevitable fall followed. Largely a case, humanly speaking, of lack of proper recreation. And only a sample of tragedies that are happening by the score.

I have seen time and again how easy it is for a boy to slip into a criminal career with no real viciousness of heart, but chiefly because of his environment. Sometimes it is simply through seeking that outlet for exuberant spirits and the desire for adventure which manifest themselves in boys of another class in what we term "college pranks." I knew very well the family of a boy who is serving a life sentence in Sing Sing just because he happened to be standing on a corner with a bunch of fellows when a drunken man happened to come along; and when some one happened to trip the man up, he happened to be less drunk than the boys supposed, and showing fight, he received a fall that happened to fracture his skull; and as the police felt obliged, it was alleged, to fix the crime on some one, it happened that they selected the particular boy to whom I have referred, who may or may not have been the actual offender. You see it all "just happened," but would it have happened if that boy's home had been a different place, a more attractive place for a boy to spend his evenings? That, of course, would have taken more rent, and that would have taken more wages than came into that home, and that, perhaps, would have meant more and better education, and so it goes in an almost endless sequence.

Another question which presents a very different aspect to one who views it from the standpoint of a tenement-house neighbor from that which it presents to the pastor of a church, is the Sunday question. Whatever one's personal conviction regarding the use of Sunday, it is futile to expect, for example, that the people of a Jewish neighborhood will observe the Christian Sabbath in the traditions of the New England manner. When prosperous Protestant Christians have departed far from the custom of their fathers in this matter, and with infinitely less reason, we can scarcely expect those who live in tenement-houses to take a stand for a strict observance of the day. Living in such congestion as poor people do in populous cities and working under such conditions as they are obliged to, Sunday simply must be a time for recreation. We may have our ideas of the uses of Sunday which, in the long run, would bring the largest returns in health of body, refreshment of mind, and quickening of spirit; but we cannot be blind to conditions as they are. We may deplore the popular passion for Sunday baseball, Sunday dances, Sunday movies and the like, but it will be folly to put on the lid, at least until we can provide in some constructive way for a better use of Sunday leisure, and at the same time one that will make a popular appeal. It is far better, for instance, to have young men and boys working in the gymnasium or enjoying a cross-country run or a game of baseball on a Sunday afternoon than to have them loafing on the street corners, or in the pool-rooms, the candy stores, and other "hang-outs" with which such neighborhoods are liberally provided. At present this is the inevitable alternative.

There are other reactions one gets from living among poor people as a neighbor, but I have said enough to indicate why I have changed my point of view in a good many respects. Out of this experience certain convictions have emerged. Let me state them briefly.

First of all, I am convinced that pastors and their churches ought to cultivate a sense of responsibility for their neighborhoods as a whole, and not confine their feeling of responsibility so much to the people who are already in the church or

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who may be potential church members. This is simply to apply the settlement principle. It would mean, for example, that the minister would be concerned for the young people who could never reasonably be expected to come to his church, that he would feel it his duty as a neighbor to do what he could to see that safeguards were thrown around the commercialized forms of recreation and better provision made for social needs generally. It would mean that he would feel responsibility for the housing and health conditions in the neighborhood, for better opportunities of education, for whatever will contribute to enrich life and give to each individual a chance for the fullest development of which he is capable.

Secondly, I have come to the conclusion that moral and spiritual qualities are intimately associated with, and bound up in, the physical. This has been borne in upon me by case after case where moral failure has seemed directly related to a deficiency of those things which fathers and mothers, in more favored walks of life, consider that *their* children must have simply as a matter of course. There is no argument about it; their children's welfare demands these things. I mean such things as nourishing food, suitable clothing, attention to teeth and tonsils, and all the other things that have to do with health, and then such other good things as education, wholesome companions, a proper social life, the right kind of recreation, and so on. Some of these are material things but they have a very direct relation to character building. This is really so obvious that it is a little humiliating to have to confess that it took me some time to see its significance. Now, I am far from saying that all our social troubles would vanish if every one had a sufficient income to provide for the essentials of health, education, and recreation; but I have come to give vastly more importance to the question of wages in relation to character than I ever did as a pastor. The same is true with respect to the question of recreation, as I have already intimated. As a pastor I looked upon all forms of commercialized recreation, the public dance especially, as vicious competing interests, tending to draw my young people away from the church. I looked with much concern, and not without reason, upon those of my young people who sometimes attended such resorts. The trouble was that I failed to see that there is a large area of life that the church seldom touches, and yet one that cannot be ignored if we have any regard for our duty as neighbors. I fear I conceived my work to be only the building up of my church by gathering in whom I could from the world without and striving to promote their growth in Christ. It was the life-boat theory, "rescuing the perishing," without attempting to attack the conditions that put people in peril of life. I did not see clearly that the influence of the church ought to be thrown strongly on the side of those who were working to provide, for example, better opportunities for social pleasure, and, if necessary, to initiate some such movement, all with a view to building up a better type of social life for the community as a whole.

Thirdly, I have become convinced that there must be a great reserve of goodness in just the ordinary run of human beings. As a pastor I fear I had a tendency to rate people to some extent by their relation to the church and, if they were members, by their activity in the work of the church. I do not think I was conscious of this, but as I look back across the years it seems to have been the fact. I suppose I was not a very progressive pastor, although at the time I thought I was. I remember saying disparaging things about "ethical culture," and people who were satisfied with "mere morality." Ethical culture does not, to my mind, offer a satisfactory philosophy of life; but I am bound to say that I know some splendid people who appear to be bringing forth the "fruit of the spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, meekness, faithfulness, self-control"—yes, every one of these —on an ethical-culture basis. Then I know many people who have nothing to do with any church or organized religious body, many of them Jews, who are constantly, and in the most matter-of-fact way, manifesting those virtues which we think of as characteristically Christian. The idealism of multitudes of Jewish young people is widely recognized. But this is not what I have in mind. Just now

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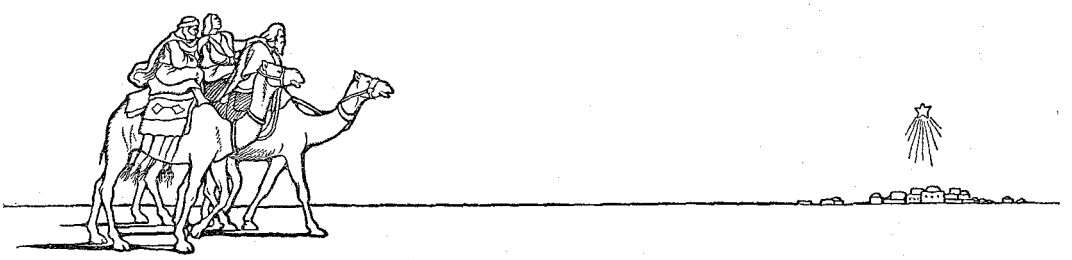
I am thinking of concrete cases of love, devotion, unselfishness, sterling self-dependence—all the fine traits of character which are so familiar to those who have come close to poor people. I know, for example, a Jewish mother who is sacrificing herself to the limit that her two girls may get a high-school education. But, of course, mothers are always doing this sort of thing. There is nothing, you say, extraordinary about it. Perhaps not. But here is something that to me is always extraordinary, although it happens often enough, and that is for a tenement-house family to share its home, already crowded to the limit, with a family that has been dispossessed, until the guests can make other arrangements. These are homely incidents, but what is their significance? How does it happen that the majority of boys and girls seem to grow up into pretty decent men and women, with courage, honesty, generous impulses, and a readiness to sacrifice when the best in them is appealed to? Of course, all this is mixed up with a good deal of selfishness at times. I am not disposed to take a sentimental, indulgent, easy-going view of human beings. Sometimes one feels inclined to subscribe to the doctrine of total depravity (in others), but nevertheless a fairly long experience of just the average run of people convinces me that every individual probably possesses a certain amount of ineradicable goodness. If "love is of God and every one that loveth is begotten of God," it looks to me as if He were somehow working in much unpromising material, and as if from time to time the evidence were flashing out in unexpected quarters. This may be unorthodox. Doubtless it is very poor theology. But if what I have observed are facts, may we not be obliged to revise some of our theological doctrines? Or may we perhaps find some support in the statement of the Westminster Confession of Faith, that the Spirit "worketh when and where and how He pleaseth"?

It is possible that some one might infer that the result of my settlement experience has been to produce a shallow optimism, a comfortable feeling that after all there is so much good in the world that it is hardly worth while to worry over the situation, for things will be bound to come out all right in the end. But this is far from being the case. There is evil enough in the world, and in every one of us, to dispel any such fantastic idea. It is encouraging, however, to believe that God is working out his purposes in what seem to us rather unconventional ways. This does not mean that our more conventional ways may be abandoned. While we may be thankful for every evidence of the growth of good-will in unorganized forms, I see no reason to think that the organization of those who are trying to build up a brotherhood for the redemption of the world and the extension of the Kingdom of God will not continue to be essential for a long time to come. And that to me means the Church of Christ. As nearly as I can assess the results, I feel safe in saying that a wider experience of life, a more intimate acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, have given me fresh hope, more trust in God, a stronger faith in just ordinary "folks," and a deeper conviction that the spirit and the teachings of Jesus point the way to the ultimate solution of the social problem.



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The Emancipation of Music

BY W. J. HENDERSON
Author of "The Art of the Singer," etc.

THE makers of music are singing a new song: "Come, let us be as Asa and remove all the idols our fathers made." They have liberated their souls. They not only enjoy the blessings of freedom, but are intoxicated with them. They have projected the shadow of approaching oblivion across the names of Bach and Beethoven, and have opened their own windows to the sunlight of a new artistic day. They have seen their own works with the satisfaction of gods and pronounced them good. They have clasped hands with the post-everything painters and sculptors, and have seen "the vision of the world and the wonder that would be." Keats maundering about a Grecian urn conjures pity into their hearts. What indeed were the Greeks? Formalists who made things by patterns cut according to Aristotelian logic, and whose minds dwelt in perpetual slavery to dogmas. The mediæval Italian who fancied that he was evolving new thought in music was only improvising on Greek themes.

Out of his period, however, modern music was fashioned with her strutting opera, her gargoyled fugues, and her pseudo-Gothic organ fantasias. From this ancestry descended the lamentable sonata. What else would, for in such soil were nurtured the Sistine Madonna, Titian's "Ariadne and Bacchus," Tintoretto's "Miracle of the Slave," and Rubens's "Descent from the Cross"? Therefore let all such creations be set in museums, where they may be observed as curiosities, while Art goes bounding forward to its splendid goal where the indescribable sits enthroned beside the incomprehensible.

But movements in art, even those which seem to be mere spasms, should not be dismissed as unworthy of scrutiny. It must be clear to careful observers that music-lovers, casual in discrimination and habit-bound in taste, quarrel with the progressives on debatable grounds. Therefore we may pause to inquire just what these composers are trying to do, and what they are actually doing.

Regard, then, this catalogue of the master spirits of the age: Arnold Schoenberg and Erik Satie, the fathers of all such as make strange sounds; Bela Bartok, Hungarian; Alfredo Casella, Ildebrando Pizzetti, Francesco Malipiero, Italians; Darius Milhaud, Georges Auric, Louis Durey, Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc, and Germaine Taillefer, the Parisian "Group of Six"; Eugene Goossens, Arthur Bliss, and Cyril Scott, British; Paul Hindemith, German; Alexander Scriabin (deceased) and Igor Stravinsky (very much alive), Russians; Leo Ornstein, Carl Ruggles, Dane Rudhyar, and Carlos Salzedo, Americans.

All of these profess to be proceeding toward the same end, the abolition of classic forms and the establishment of new melodic scales, new types of harmony, and new conceptions of rhythm. The only question to be answered is how far music can move along this path without ceasing to be music. But in the bright lexicon of the futurist there is no such term as non-music.

In a delightful magazine article published in December, 1922, Mr. G. K. Chesterton asked: "Are the Artists Going Mad?" He meant the painters, and he was assuredly of the opinion that they were. He said some pungently significant things. For example: "Merely to wish for advanced art is not anarchism; it is simply snobbishness, and snobbishness more vulgar than the vulgarest worship of rank or wealth. For, after all, there is at least a low sort of sincerity in that sort of snobbery. Rich people can give their sycophants solid pleasure of a sort, for which they can be thanked with-

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out falsehood; and it is a shade more honest for men to praise a patron for the champagne and cigars they do enjoy than the pictures and statues they only pretend to enjoy." That perhaps is more directly applicable to the solemn-browed societies which pay for subscription tickets to the concerts of the new music than to the composers, who naturally imagine that they have to get a living somehow. But the fundamental truth in Mr. Chesterton's pithy remarks is that seeking for advanced art merely because it is advanced, is snobbishness of a somewhat pitiable type. But that does not excuse us from sitting down to study the advanced art.

Can we set forth the aims and ideals of these modernists without losing ourselves in a maze of technicalities? Yes, though perhaps not adequately. Above all else they are what the French call "novateurs," a word to which the art world has attached a meaning more specific than that of "innovators." A quotation from the prospectus of the third season (1923–24) of the International Composers' Guild of New York may serve as the general text:

"Strengthened by the support of a growing public as well as by the clamorous opposition of reactionary and conservative forces, the International Composers' Guild plans, during the coming season, an even more vigorous pushing of its aim to produce only that music which is *new*. By new music it will understand first performances of compositions representative of the best and most vital in contemporary life—music that is frankly forward-looking and path-breaking. It accepts and proclaims *experiment* as a valid and indispensable artistic principle of all historic periods in which music has been in a transitional or formative state of technical or social development. It asserts that music is at present in such a state, and that those who oppose this principle serve a dead rather than a living art."

With the doctrine herein set forth there can be no quarrel. Therefore we may proceed to an examination of the tenets of the brotherhood as framed in their own words. "Good talkers," remarked Master François Villon, as he sat by the fire observing Thevenon Pensete in the agonies of parting with his last coin in a game with the fat monk from Picardy, "are found only in Paris." Let us then introduce M. Darius Milhaud, who communicated to Mr. Paul Morris, writer of the programme notes for the now defunct City Symphony Orchestra of New York, some definite information regarding the labors of the "Group of Six" and their followers:

"One of the purposes," he said, "of the younger French composers is to preserve the older and more perfect musical forms. We have gone back to the eighteenth century for our patterns. Musical form reached its perfect state in the symphonies of Beethoven and those composers who immediately preceded him. Since then symphonies have become longer and longer till their proportions have become distorted. The only composer who kept to the classic proportions was Mendelssohn, whose music has marvellous perfection of form.

"It is a mistake to think of the younger French composers as revolutionists. We are adding to the old harmonies. We are expanding the old forms. But we are not striving to do away with the established order of things. Our purpose is to build up, not to tear down. In music there are two distinct lines—the Latin and the Teutonic. It is our aim to preserve the Latin traditions in an unalloyed state. Foreign influences have been harmful to French music. Wagner, César Franck and Rimsky-Korsakov have had a bad influence on our composers. My music is in direct line from Rameau, Berlioz, Chabrier, Debussy, and Satie, as Schoenberg in Vienna has followed in the footsteps of Mozart and Schubert. Always, it seems to me, these two lines have existed. Rameau had little in common with Gluck, Bizet with Wagner, or Debussy with Strauss. It is our desire in Paris to-day to hold to the best Latin traditions and keep our music free from outside influences."

Which seems to lead toward the fallacious conclusion that nationalism is to be the salvation of art.

In sharp contrast to this apparently modest declaration by M. Milhaud is an article in *The Chesterian* for March, 1923. It is by Hugo R. Fleischman, and is entitled "The Dissolution of the Art of

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Music." After describing the modernistic destruction of old meters and rhythms, the author turns his attention to the vital matter of melody. "Does melody still exist in modern music?" he inquires. "Needless to say, this question, so often asked by the laity, must be decidedly answered in the affirmative, and we can even add that precisely in the works of our most radical innovators melodies bordering on the miraculous in their fascinating beauty are found unfolding their nostalgic blossoms. In order to reach such a stage melody had to undergo a twofold transformation from the classical patterns which in their strict regularity are regarded and proclaimed by lovers of tradition as the only legitimate ones. The bonds that restrained its full expansion have been extended in two directions: first of all, in the sense that, in the place of a gently graduated, rising and sinking melodic line, we now have the enormous leaps over two or three octaves which have become so characteristic of Schoenberg; and on the other hand a sultry, blurred chromaticism has invaded the melodic contour and done its share in crushing the old, vigorous diatonic system. And, as if not enough had been done, the audacious Alois Haba, a member of Schreker's very productive school, introduces the quarter-tone system (string quartet in quarter tones), thus dealing the death-blow to traditional melody and leading it into new paths, the enormous significance of which cannot yet be fully grasped by his contemporaries."

In passing, it may be recorded that when this quartet was performed in the summer of 1923, at the Salzburg chamber-music festival, it passed without excitement, while acclamations greeted a work by Kodaly, composed in that musician's genial and frankly diatonic style. Which seems to justify Mr. Fleischman's assertion that the true significance of Haba's forward step escaped notice.

In an article published in the *Æolian Review* for November, 1923, Mr. Dane Rudhyar, one of the most aggressive of the American modernists, learnedly discussed scales, modes, and dissonant counterpoint. To the lay reader his examination of these matters would be incomprehensible, and, furthermore, the same issue of the magazine contained an admirable article by Mr. Charles Seeger, of the faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, sharply contradicting some of Mr. Rudhyar's conclusions. For the lay reader it may suffice to say that Mr. Rudhyar invites attention to Stravinsky's method of superimposing tonalities, which to the man in the street means making music in two conflicting keys at once, and Schoenberg's manner of indulging in "modal anarchy," or the use of completely separated and unrelated musical entities.

We have now to turn to Mr. Leigh Henry, of London, the authorized British dispenser of Mr. Stravinsky's ideas. According to him, Stravinsky is concerned only about the instantaneous effect of musical sounds "apart from all intellectual premise or abstract theory. . . . All the musical values of his work are derived from the intrinsic aural nature of the sound-substance and sound-sensation treated as things in themselves. . . . The ordinary academic classifications of chords are negated by him; he recognizes in the term 'chord' any combination of notes contributing to an individual sonority. . . . There is nothing in his work pertaining to the thin surface quality of accepted melodic theme-line; he treats his sonorities as complete wholes."

Singularly enough, Mr. Lawrence Gilman, another confessed admirer of Stravinsky (and the writer of this article is also one), pointed out in "Le Chant du Rossignol" no less than four leading themes, dominating the score in various manifestations. Stravinsky could not evade the fundamental plan of repetition without which the identity of a musical design cannot be communicated through the ear to the intelligence. And in not only this composition but also in "Le Sacre du Printemps" Stravinsky employed clearly formed rhythmical figures, which is a vice insistently condemned but quite openly practised by many true modernists. One feels that Mr. Rudhyar was indicating a regrettable weakness in the great master when he called him a communist and acclaimed Schoenberg as a genuine anarchist.

It remains to indicate to the lay reader the separation of the new from the old harmonic system. In the old a close key

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relationship is sustained, so that we speak of a symphony in B flat, or a concerto in A major. The principal melodies are clearly defined, and their harmonies cluster around them in simple groups. In the new system key is not considered. It is avoided in one of two ways, either "polytonal" or "atonal." These are new musical terms, coined to denominate the new things. A polytonal page or composition is one which the composer writes in two or three keys at a time. For example, in what musicians call counterpoint two or more melodies are heard simultaneously. According to the old system they had to be in the same key in order to harmonize. According to the new system, in a polytonal passage or work they need not be in the same key, and their counterpoint must be dissonant. Each can have its own counterpoint, entirely and desirably antagonistic to the other. In the polytonal system each melody may be in its own key, but in the atonal system a melody is never in any key; it skids untrammelled by any control of scale origin or chordal relation. You actually have to be a musician to produce a polytonal page; but any one can sit down at a piano, shut his eyes, and by striking notes at random evoke from the helpless keys an atonal unmelody. Even a cat walking upon a piano keyboard may unconsciously create an immortal work of art.

Let us see now if we can enumerate in order the guiding principles of the new method of composing. First, then, the old and long-established major and minor scales, with their fundamental harmonies, are to be deprived of their place as the foundations of music. They must be regarded as constrictive boundaries barricading the progress of the art. They are to be effaced as limits and mingled with the other elements of melodic origin. They should henceforth be employed merely as incidental to the general scheme. What was in antiquated practice regarded as essential is no longer so. What was then held to be secondary and relevant is now promoted to be principal and governing.

In the old system a musical composition published its identity by insistent repetition of rhythmic figures and melodic subjects, either in their original shape or in logical developments. This type of design is to be abolished. Repetitions must become mere accidents of music. Rhythmic patterns are taboo, or at any rate regarded as pitiable evasions.

Finally the melodic line or curve is to be discarded in favor of the melodic zigzag. In short, all that was believed by the ancients (Mozart, Beethoven, and their followers) as essential to musical beauty now recedes into subordinate position, while the shattered melodic line, the exotic scale, and the harmonic dissonance become the dominating elements of musical art. I have read much of the propaganda of the new school, and am therefore reluctantly driven to one more conclusion, namely, that it has abandoned entirely the effete conception of art as the embodiment of man's ideals of beauty. I find nowhere any demand that music shall be beautiful either in the old or the new sense, whatever the latter may be. With beauty as an ultimate aim of art these adventurers into uncharted seas are not concerned. Their utterances inform us that they are concerned only about "expression," and an examination of their compositions shows that expression signifies representation, the power of music to depict externals. The new school has not reached that stage of development at which it immerses itself in music as an emotional medium. A searching analysis of the achievements of the modernists in the direction of delineation would carry us too far afield. We shall do better to follow the line of technical progress, for it is this matter which is exercising the ingenuity of the young inventors.

That a wholly new art of music unrelated to the old one cannot be built does not seem to enter the minds of these progressives. Neither can they honestly imagine themselves to be adding new stories to the old structure whose foundations they declare are no longer serviceable. The truth is, of course, that music, like all other products of the human mind, must be the result of a long series of developments, subject to the laws of mental procedure just as all other activities of the human intellect are. It took about fourteen hundred years to complete the foundations of modern music. Thousands of independent artists were engaged in the

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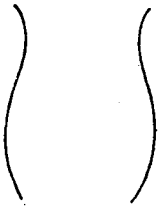
work, many of them following the lead of their predecessors, and all of them consciously or unconsciously submitting to the rule of inescapable laws.

When those foundations were finished and the rearing of the temple itself was begun, it was clear that the fundamentals were melody, rhythm, and harmony, melodic curves drawn with symmetry and an exquisite balance of their upward and downward sweep, rhythms beating their way forward with pendulous swings from bar to bar, and harmonies built of the chords of the elementary keys and their most closely related sisters.

The modernists point to the fact that all musical progress has been made by advancing from the elementary states of these component parts of the art. In this they are incontestably right. But they have forgotten, or to the disinterested but hopeful observer seem to have forgotten, that these elements were the points of all departures, that all lines of progress, including their own, can be traced back to them. But they are reluctant to admit this. They apparently wish us to believe that it is possible in this twentieth century to create new points of departure, or, in other words, to break down the old foundations and set them up topsy-turvy.

Before this could be done it would be necessary to create new fundamental principles for all art, for music cannot dissociate itself from its sisters. All the arts are governed by certain broad general laws which music must obey or perish. It is not incumbent upon us to restate all these laws. A single illustration should suffice. What will happen if, as Mr. Fleischman assures us, the gently graduated rising and sinking lines of melody are supplanted by the lightning zigzag, the wild leaps through octaves of space? When the Greek artist designed his exquisite vase, he formed its outlines thus:



Here we have the gently graduated rising and falling curve which characterizes so many famous melodies. For example, take the cantabile theme of the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto:

The double curve here transferred from one art to another is simply the famous Hogarthian line of beauty, which was probably first suggested by the divine curve of the female form, beginning just below the shoulder and extending through the waist and over the hip.

The whole struggle resolves itself into a matter of perspective. What is going on in the art of music at this time has taken place several times before, and will undoubtedly recur several times in the future. History is governed by laws of periodicity just as surely as apparently irresponsible comets are. When Johannes Ockeghem and his contemporaries were panting with their exertions in trying to compose music in the then new contrapuntal manner, their chief concern was the solution of technical problems. They were compelled slowly and painfully to read the riddles of subject and answer, canon and fugue. It was not till their exploratory work was done that it was possible for a genius gifted with an unerring instinct for beauty to create immortal works based on the new principles. Josquin des Prés arrived when the new form was fashioned. He was master of it, and, as Schumann wisely remarked, "mastery of form leads talent to ever-increasing freedom." So Josquin left us compositions of incomparable beauty. And his successors advanced still further, till in the creations of Palestrina we find the highest type of expression of which *a cappella* polyphony is capable. With the symphony the cycle of development was the same. First, various experimentalists, including Stammitz and Gossec, then the creators of beauty, Haydn and Mozart, who found the technical materials ready

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to their hands, and finally the master of expression, Beethoven. After him came the new explorers who found in the unbroken succession of movements and the use of germinal themes throughout their compositions the method of the tone poem. Schumann opened the way in his D minor symphony, and Liszt paved it with his symphonic poems. These futurists, modernists, radicals, or what you please, are lost in the wilderness of their own technic. They are buried in an impenetrable jungle of dissonances and tonal, polytonal, and atonal theories, so that they can neither get out nor see out. The few who have been touched with wandering rays of sunlight are still groping. Stravinsky, the boldest and most independent spirit of them all, has achieved progress toward the light by sheer force of his indomitable imagination, which rises superior to theories. But he is a stark realist, and his music is devoid of all spiritual quality. Schoenberg should be dismissed from the serious consideration of the progressive army. He is one of Mr. Chesterton's snobs. His compositions reek with insincerity. They smell of a weak and pitiable ambition to draw attention to a feeble personality and create a factitious interest in a third-rate talent. Of the minor "masters" of the *ars nova* there need be no prolonged discussion. The Frenchmen have not yet said an important word. Their "Group of Six" is ridiculed even at home. The Italians are the most worth while of all, but when one contemplates most of the productions of Casella and Malipiero, one feels discouraged. Pizzetti is the outstanding Italian, but his genius derives its blood from the classics of his country.

But all these futurists are in the same case as Ockeghem, Stammitz, and Gossec. They are doing the mechanical work from which others will later advance to art. But the dream of destroying the old heavens and earth and fashioning new ones is vain. An art is subject to immutable law. Men thought they were developing European civilization according to their arbitrary wishes, but it has been proved over and over again that law, secret, mighty, and inescapable, governs the progress of the human mind. It rules art, too. The foundations had to be laid by the founders. The builders will have to continue building on the foundations. They can no more get them out from under the art than they can get the earth out from under their feet.

Refusal

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

You had loved my laughter,
So I brought my tears,—
Ah! 'twas then and after
That the frowning years
Bade me, dumb and lonely,
Learn the lesson taught,
That my laughter only
Was the boon you sought.

Hushed, I laid my weeping
In a chamber still,
Where, awake or sleeping,
I could dream at will
That your love would share it
As a sacred thing,—
That your pride would wear it
As Love's offering!

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Pete Retires

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS
Author of "Smile and Lie"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

PETER J. DOWNEY wandered into the ammunition-train stables. He carried an infantry pack, a mandolin, a duty sergeant's chevrons, a pint of whiskey. The whiskey was inside him.

He was the homeliest man in the army. It was not his red nose, roan mustache, freckled skin, or cauliflower ear that was responsible for his appearance, although each of his features was guilty of contributory negligence. Itemized, they were fairly presentable. But joined together on Pete, they failed to synchronize.

He looked like a bad copy of a German cartoon of an American soldier.

This military misdemeanor dropped in as Mac McCarty, the best mule-driver in the regiment, sounded off his opinion of Major Holland.

"I've skun mules in this man's army goin' on eleven years," Mac complained. "I knows it can't be did." Mac spat at a mouse that ran out of a feedbag. He missed. "A mule won't show life enough to kick ye unless you cuss him. The only time a mule is interested in his work is when he hears swearing behind him. And the skinner with the longest words travels the fastest. Did you ever see a dumb man drive a mule? That's the question I'd like to ask Major Holland."

"Why?" asked Pete. He threw his gun over to one side of the room and unslung his pack.

"Because the major is enforcing brigade order thirty-eight, which forbids swearin' at the animals."

Pete acted surprised. "Tell me. Does Major Holland kiss you when he puts you to bed?"

"When I seen you come in," said Mac to Pete with a deliberate emphasis on each sarcastic word, "I knowed things was getting no better fast. Well, take off your mask. We all know you."

"Your error," responded Pete, waving his hand. "That's no mask, but me map. I admit I shave by ear, because it upsets me to look in the mirror before breakfast."

"Are your feet flat, or what is wrong with you?" Mac demanded. "I mean, besides your looks? This regiment consists of everything nobody wants. It's made of leftovers, like a Sunday night supper. When they issue clothes, belts and hatcords are the only things that fit. They gives us mules that eat more and do less than any other animals in the service. The only part of their harness that won't make 'em balk is their nosebags."

"How's the officers?" Pete asked.

"Like the mules, only more so," complained Jim Curran, the stable sergeant. "They're ninety-day wonders from the Plattsburg school. They got field boots, spurs, serge uniforms, and a prayer they'll never reach France. The government gave 'em commissions instead of chloroform because medical supplies cost money."

Pete shook his head at this bad news. "Ain't there anything good you can say about this outfit?"

"Not a thing since you come."

"How do you feed?"

"Rotten," snapped Mac. "Not a cook in the regiment. Some wops wear white caps and hang around the troop kitchens. They heat up the beans before mess time; but they ain't cooks. They're can-openers. We got so many flat-footed recruits now that our morning sick calls look like a company drill."

Mac relapsed into a sullen silence. Pete took his mandolin from the leather case. He parked himself on a bag of feed.

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Then he gave the instrument "action front" and played a few chords.

Then he sang:

"I won't go out with Riley any more.
Every bone in me body is so sore.
For he took me out last night,
And he got me in a fight . . .
So I won't go out with Riley any more."

Pete's voice was a whiskey tenor. It was like his nose, slightly damaged by bad liquor.

"My presence in the army is the result of an accident," he said.

"You look it," Mac returned.

Curran stopped the fight and made them sit on opposite sides of the room.

Pete struck a few mournful chords on the mandolin. "Was you ever in Hall's Corners, Vermont?" he asked.

The others denied it.

"I was," Pete groaned. "I was selling photo enlargements. I sold the enlargement for ten cents, but the Mexican silver frame that come with it cost two eighty-nine. My profit was two thirty-three on each order. I would have enlarged every justice of the peace in Vermont and hung him in a Mexican silver frame, if I hadn't drunk prohibition liquor and gone to Boston.

"When I got to Boston, I had liquor and money," Pete continued. "I was full of suppressed exhibitions, due to living in Hall's Corners for one week and five days. I found a band on the Common. I listened to the music. Then a big guy stood on a platform to say propagandum about the war. Most of the people faded, because they'd only come on account of the music. I stuck with the spieler. I been in vaudeville, in the five-a-day, myself, and I know a good act.

"Finally he says: 'My friends, is the spirits of our ancestors dead or merely sleepin'? Is the flag that heroic patriots planted up there'—he pointed toward the Braves' ball park, but I knowed he was mixed in his geography and meant to designate Bunker Hill—'I asks you, is that flag to be moulded in oblivium?'"

Pete paused. He borrowed a chew from the stable sergeant.

"I couldn't stand it no longer, so I says: 'Hell no, brother. If you come here to sift the quick ones from the dead ones, don't send no wreath to my hotel. Use Pete Downey for any position on your team, and before the proud Prussian is humbled in the dust you and Secretary of War Baker will find I ain't no bench-warmer,' I says."

"So they took you when you was stewed?" asked Mac.

Pete admitted it.

"The recruiting officer must have been drinking too."

"That's the way the army come by my society," Pete continued. "I was assigned to the infantry. This morning my captain sent for me.

"'Sergeant Downey,' he says, 'I've arranged your transfer to the ammunition train. Your rumatiz is so bad you can't drill, and I'm sick of seein' you around the barracks pesterin' the cooks. I told the colonel I wanted you transferred for the good of the service. That's no lie, as I didn't designate which branch I aimed to benefit. I don't say you was the man who turned out the guard the night Lieutenant Williams come back drunk . . . I mean indisposed from pass. And I don't insinuate you sent the undertaker to the general's house for the general's remains the morning after the officers' banquet.'

"The captain was a fair-minded man," Pete admitted. "He said: 'If I could prove you done this or that I'd file charges against you for a general court-martial. You're sent away from here, Sergeant Downey, not because you done anything, but because things has happened and I can't prove you done them. Here's your service record, transfer order, qualification card, and clothing slip. Good-by and good luck, sergeant. Take care of yourself and may God have mercy on the ammunition train.' So here I am," beamed Sergeant Peter J. Downey.

It was a month before his fellow mule-skinners realized what a good turn the infantry captain had done them by sending Pete to the regiment. His rheumatism was confined to his legs. His mind was unoccupied except by brains and ideas, good practical suggestions of methods to make money and trouble. He started a mess fund, boxing matches, a glee club, an orchestra, and an argument between the horse-battalion major and the regimental adjutant.

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One of Pete's weaknesses was for practical jokes. He mixed chopped rubber tube in a pan of macaroni, and circulated a rumor that one of the cooks was a German who wanted to poison the men. He broke into the quartermaster's storeroom, took the labels from tubes of tooth-paste, and pasted them on tubes of shaving cream. It was fortunate the quartermaster sergeant was not lynched. Pete filled Leddy's and Crissili's bugles with sealing-wax, so when they attempted to blow first call in the morning they couldn't make even a few sour notes, and the regiment overslept for an hour. He painted the floor under the shower-baths with tar.

Pete named the mules each in harmony with its disposition. He painted the names on shingles and nailed them over the stalls where the mules belonged. But when Major Holland's wife visited the stables and saw the mules' calling-cards, she sounded a general.

So Pete was forced to change "Devil" to "Darling," "Hellsbells" to "Heartsease," "Dammit" to "Dimples," "Putrid" to "Precious."

"We may be short on morale," said Pete, "but Mrs. Holland has morals enough, so we'll bust even. She should have had the major assigned to the carrier-pigeon service."

He looked like a bad copy of a German cartoon of an American soldier.—Page 645.

"I wonder what he does in civil life?" asked Mac. He had grown to like Pete. In fact, they were thicker than four in a bed.

"Just the same as in the army," Pete replied. "He does what his wife tells him."

The regiment was sent to Hoboken, where a transport was waiting. The government dock was guarded, but Pete wheedled permission to step out to a ginmill. He returned with six pints of brandy, which he had heard was a sure cure for seasickness.

"How did you get it?" asked Mac.

"By talking."

"You're a slippery-tongued devil. You do more with blarney than Orpheum, that guy in the school reader, done with his harp. You know the one I mean. Him that's named after that string of vaudeville theatres out West."

"Well," Curran interrupted, "talk my dog on board. They say pets ain't allowed."

Pete took two gulps of brandy. "I might play him on," he said, after due reflection. "Bring the bass drum."

Curran called the dog, and Mac collected the musicians. Pete and the drummer removed one side of the drum. They stowed the dog inside, then replaced the head. They carried him on board without trouble. It was the only mascot taken overseas.

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Pete enjoyed every minute of the voyage. He learned the list of 154 articles which composed every man's overseas equipment. When he discovered some poor fellow was seasick, Pete ordered him to stand at attention and made believe it was another inspection.

"Have you a haversack, shelter-half, pack carrier, tent pole, five pins, bacon can, condiment can, two O. D. shirts?" Pete began formally as a West Point shave-tail.

The miserable victim, forcing himself back to consciousness, would reply: "Yes."

"Mess can and cover, knife, fork, spoon, web belt, slicker, first-aid packet, canteen and cover, rifle, bayonet, thong case?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Have you three pairs of socks, two extra shoe-laces, one overcoat, one pair field shoes, one pair russet shoes, one hat, one hat cord, two collar ornaments, two identification tags, one barracks bag, one O. D. cap?" and so on through the list.

"Yes, sergeant," the sick man would explain, patiently.

"You're positive? You're willing to swear to it?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"Then you've got too much. Throw it away."

However, nobody killed him, in spite of the fact that whenever he found a man sleeping peacefully he would shake him awake and advise him to "get a fresh start." He reached Bordeaux alive and well.

Twenty-four hours later Pete made friends with a little widow and learned how to order red or white wine.

"Wines and widows are my specialties," Pete explained, when asked how he accomplished it. "They're much the same in all languages."

In late September the Argonne fighting began. Autumn had set in, cold and wet. The train's work was mostly at night, when the drivers loaded up their combat-wagons or pack-mules to carry ammunition from the limit of motor transport to the infantry who were fighting in the lines.

Pete's rheumatism came back. When the regiment first went to the front he was always full of red wine and ambition. If it rained he'd call to the stable sergeant: "Curran, if you see the landlord, tell him my roof leaks." But Pete grew too sick to be cheerful.

"We can be thankful for one thing," Pete observed, with a momentary flash of gratitude. This was the morning the infantry walked into a machine-gun ambush, the Germans shelled the ammunition dump, and the train was reduced to a diet of iron rations of hardtack and goldfish.

"Yes, sir," Pete continued, "I'm all drawed out of shape with the sciatic rumatiz, but I'm happy. The captain has gone to Nice on his vacation, and the lieutenants is at headquarters playin' poker in a dugout. So we can win this war without stoppin' to salute them or listen to their childish prattle. They draw the pay and we do the work. That's democracy for you."

Pete was shaving. His trench mirror was pinned on a caisson wheel, and he was decapitating his whiskers with a dull razor, without benefit of hot water or clergy. He studied his face in the mirror. It wrinkled with twinges of rheumatism.

"Cheer up, Pete," he told himself. "Six weeks from now, you'll be dead a month."

Before he finished shaving he was sent back to the railhead at St. Menehould to bring up a convoy of rations and horse food. His escort wagons stuck in a traffic blockade. Twenty-four hours later he returned to camp. His rheumatism was so bad that he fell from his horse when he attempted to dismount.

He landed in the mud, calling to the stable detail to help him. "My legs mooched. They're through."

Mac and Curran carried him to his dog tent, where he lay in his wet blankets.

The men took his slum and coffee to him and lighted his cigarettes. Then Curran sent for the boilermaker, a medical lieutenant, who issued iodine and "C. C." pills on alternate Mondays. This same medic carried a pair of dice instead of a clinical thermometer. He was alleged to be a surgeon, but judging from the treatments he gave he must have studied at a Christian Science college.

He gave Pete some ointment used for blistered feet and returned to headquarters.

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"He made you a 'light duty,'" Curran discovered by looking at the sick report.

"Hell's so full of trash like him, their legs and arms are stickin' through the doors and windows," Pete groaned. "Instead of feelin' my pulse, he smelled of my

When the sun came out Pete felt better. He sent for Curran.

"Call the men together," ordered the sick man. "Tell 'em Pete Downey has announced his retirement. I'm through. I'll take me pack, pack-carrier, mess-kit, haversack, tooth-brush, bacon can, con-

Twenty-four hours later Pete made friends with a little widow and learned how to order red or white wine.—Page 648.

canteen to see if he could bum a drink. He wouldn't know what is wrong with me if I was made of glass and lighted with electricity. I'm dyin', Egypt, dyin'. Me back is so lame, I feel like them advertisements for kidney pills. You know. 'Every picture tells a story.'"

"How would you like to have me ask the veterinary lieutenant to look at you?" asked Curran sympathetically.

"He'd say I was lame because the horseshoers did not fit me shoes cold," Pete replied. "He read that in his rule book."

diment can, tent pole, five pins, knife, fork, spoon, razor, saddle-bags, rifle boot, web belt, slicker, infantry drill manual, russet shoes, overcoat, cleaning-rod, thread, needle and darning-cotton, helmet, German sabre and go home. I'm all caught up with this army. Get me? I'm through, resigned, quit. I don't care if Pershing can't find a man to take my place."

"Quit!" snorted Curran. "You ain't in the Boy Scouts."

Pete replied, smooth as silk stockings:

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"On second thought, I'll stay attached to this outfit for rations and pay. But I'll ride on no more convoys, stand no more guard, or take out no more fatigue parties. I'm a supernumerary sergeant. My duties correspond to those of the honorary vice-presidents of reform associations. The army pays me to use my name on the stationery."

That afternoon Pete hobbled out and appropriated an abandoned German water-cart. It was a two-wheeled affair, with a big barrel on it. He knocked off the barrel and floored it with boards and gunny sacks. Then he stole the bows and canvas cover from an artillery escort-wagon and made a roof over his cart. Next day he traded stolen tobacco for two little German mules that had been captured by a French quartermaster corporal. He gave the troop saddler ten francs and a canteen of wine to make a double harness.

Pete hitched up and drove away. At mess time he returned, and under the canopy top of his cart was the finest feather bed in France. He'd stolen that from a dough-boy who'd found it in a German officer's dugout.

"This is my Pullman sedan, observation, and dining car," said Pete to Mac. "I'll live in it until I die of old age or the war's over. As soon as my mules cool off feed and water them for me. The one that kicks I call Wilhelm, after the Kaiser, and the one that bites, Frederick, after the Crown Prince. When you stand close you can't mistake them. Bill kicks and

"Quit!" snorted Curran. "You ain't in the Boy Scouts."—Page 649.

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"Give us a ride to Cour-l'Evêque. We take a firing position there to-night."—Page 652.

Fred bites. Or maybe it's the other way about. Treat 'em humanely. They're dumb, like people who enlisted in this army. I'm going to bed."

For an hour the troopers heard him picking away at his mandolin and singing to himself:

"Oh, some folks they get married
So they won't go off to war.
Now if they don't like fighting,
What do they get married for?"

Pete gave the war his moral support but no more. He lay on his feather bed under the canvas roof of his sleeping-wagon. When the outfit moved forward after the retreating Germans, Pete would drive to the new camp. He played the mandolin, slept, ate, and saw the war.

St. Juvin, Grand Pré, Champigneulle, Verpel, Harricourt, and Thenorgues were captured, one by one. And Pete, when bored with the society of his own buddies, or when he ran out of wine, visited the front or neighboring units.

Strong men on military police duty at crossroads wept as Pete drove by. The way he sat on his feather bed, his shoulders humped over like a barroom piano-player's, his sleeping-car, his mules, his retorts to chance remarks, and his line of conversation almost wrecked army discipline. Officers stopped him to inquire his reasons for living, but Pete always had a soft answer to increase their wrath.

"Who are you and where are you going?" a gilded lieutenant inquired.

"Like the officers, I don't know," Pete replied. "But unlike the officers, I ain't ashamed to admit it. Geddap, Wilhelm. Geddap, Frederick. See you in church, lieutenant."

Pete drove to the *poste de commande* of a French artillery regiment. He traded issue tobacco for three gallons of wine. Then he whipped his mules and headed

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them in the general direction of the front. He noticed a machine-gun sergeant and two privates plodding through the mud in the same direction. Their machine-gun was in a baby-carriage, and they took turns pushing it.

Pete stopped to give them a drink of wine.

"That baby-carriage brings tears to my eyes," Pete assured them. "It reminds me of the days I hung around Central Park. Feed the baby another bottle." He passed out a second canteen of wine.

The sergeant climbed into the cart and felt of the feather bed. "What outfit are you from?" he demanded.

"I'm an observer."

"For who?"

"For myself."

"Ain't you in the army?"

"I was, but I retired."

The machine-gunners looked at each other. They thought Pete was crazy. "Where are you going?" one asked.

"After souvenirs."

"What kind of souvenirs?"

"I want an iron cross, an airplane propeller, a pair of German field-glasses, a range-finder, a keg of German honey, a canteen of hard liquor, a field-telephone, and one of them French officer's capes for my sister. I have an officer's sabre, a dress helmet, three wrist watches, and a map case."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm looking for a good place. I may find somethin' I want I haven't thought of. That's the way I happened to get my bolo and saw-tooth bayonet."

"Give us a ride to Cour-l'Evêque. We take a firing position there to-night."

"Is there fighting there?"

The machine-gunners agreed that, unless messengers from the front lied, there was plenty of fighting.

"You're on," Pete agreed. "I been anxious to get into some village before every fool in this army has a pick at the stuff. And the only way to do that is to get there first."

The dough-boys tied their baby-carriage with the machine-gun behind Pete's cart and climbed in. They explained that they had once had a horse to pull the gun, but that the animal died from overwork and discouragement. They had a natural aversion to packing the gun, so had salvaged the baby-carriage in Grand Pré.

Pete invited them to drink all the wine they wanted. They halted and ate a picnic supper of hardtack, goldfish, and a can of cadoret jam.

Then it grew dark.

"Mules are too slow," Pete grumbled as they resumed their journey. "In the next war I'll drive a taxi."

A dough-boy with fixed bayonet popped out from a fox hole beside the road.

"Halt," he commanded.

"Don't bother us," Pete pleaded. "Have a drink, but make it snappy. We're in a hurry."

"You can't go no further," replied the dough-boy.

"Yes, we can. We're on our way to Cour-l'Evêque."

"It ain't been captured," the dough-boy explained. "There's so many Dutchmen in the town, they decided not to attack it until morning. We'll flank it at daybreak."

"Have another drink," Pete insisted. "I'm sorry, but we can't wait. I'm going to be first into that town and I don't want to get up at daylight. So I'll keep going now. Look me up when I get in. I'll be sleepin' in the house with the best roof."

"I tell you the place is lousy with Dutchmen."

"Then it's a swell place for souvenirs. Hop in and ride with us. You can get some souvenirs, too."

The sentry helped himself to more wine. "All right," he agreed. "I want a belt-buckle for my girl. One of them Boche officer's buckles." He took another drink of wine. "I suppose this is as good a time to get it as any." He seated himself in the rear of Pete's wagon. They drove on through the darkness.

The mules drew the wagon over the crest of a hill, far beyond the advance pickets of the American army. Their shoes were clanking on the cobble-paved village street when a shot was fired close beside them, and a hoarse voice shouted a Teutonic command.

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"He means us," remarked the machine-gun sergeant.

"Whoah!" Pete stopped the mules. Pete began to feel about him in the depths and recesses of his feather bed. "Ain't that the luck!" he complained. "I must of left my gun back at camp."

At the sound of the spoken English several shots rang out.

"Geddap," Pete clucked to the mules. "We must get into the centre of the town for good souvenirs. There ain't nothin' but sentries at this end of the street."

The dough-boy seated in the rear of the cart unlimbered his rifle. As the mules lurched forward, he alternated drinks of wine with shots he fired, first on one side and then on the other. Above their heads, two machine-guns spat flame from the church tower. It was pitch dark and the bullets went wild.

"Do you 'spose any of the Dutch goats understands English?" Pete asked the machine-gunners.

"They might," returned the sergeant, yawning.

"Then I know how to outsmart 'em. Lemme take your gat." The sergeant passed over his automatic pistol.

Pete blew two piercing blasts upon his traffic whistle. Then he shouted in a loud voice: "First battalion search houses on the right. Second battalion on the left. Machine-gun section, forward. Automatics on the right. One-pound cannon section fire at church tower. Bomb the cellars."

His passengers nobly seconded Pete's efforts. About them came unmistakable sounds of panic and flight.

"*Kamerad, Kamerad,*" cried several voices.

"Don't take no prisoners," yelled Pete.

The infantry sentry, getting the better of the wine, found several Mills grenades in his pockets. He tossed them into the nearest cellar. Thundering explosions turned the street into a bedlam, dominated by Sergeant Peter J. Downey, who alternately blew his whistle and shouted command for a regiment.

Firing ceased from the machine-guns in the church tower. The street quieted.

"I think they all run away," the machine-gun sergeant announced.

"Look for souvenirs," Pete directed.

The Americans searched through the feather bed for a candle end. They discovered the wine was all gone.

Then they looked about them, in so far as the darkness permitted, for the most promising house. Across the square from the church was a two-story stone dwelling. It seemed to be in a fair state of preservation.

"If they left anything to drink, I'll bet we'll find it there," Pete led the way.

Inside they found blankets spread upon the floor where, only a few minutes before, some fifty Germans had been sleeping. The Americans searched through the equipment for valuables or canteens of schnapps.

"Can you imagine this?" Pete wailed. "There was not a drink in the outfit. No wonder they run away."

Led by Pete, his party made their way down the cellar stairs. The door at the bottom was locked. Pete kicked it.

"I will surrender to your captain," said a man who spoke perfect English.

"What a long walk ahead of you!" Pete responded. "My captain's in Nice."

"I will surrender only to an officer."

"He's a particular bird, ain't he?" Pete was annoyed. "If he bought a gallon of gas, he'd want John D. Rockefeller to ring it up on the cash register." Then Pete raised his voice. "There ain't no officers here, so we gotta kill you. If you have any last words, dictate 'em to your stenographer."

"Send me an officer," wailed the voice.

"Stand back, men, while I throw this grenade. Here's your ticket to heaven. Tell Saint Peter I sent you . . ."

"No. No. No. I will surrender to you."

The door swung open. Out stepped a Prussian colonel. He was wearing his spiked helmet and dress uniform tunic, stiff with gold braid and decorations. On his feet were lacquered boots.

With a shout of joy the Americans beheld him in the light of the guttering candle.

"Where are your trousers?" asked Pete softly. "Is this any way to surrender to gentlemen? I blush for you.

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I'm glad our officers were spared this sight."

The Prussian glanced down at his legs. There, where his striped breeches should have been, was his winter underwear.

His face flushed.

"I beg your pardon," he pleaded. "I myself have dress in a hurry, because I hear the wheels of your artillery in the street. I have overlook my trousers. Give me one minute for my pants to get."

Pete thrust the muzzle of the pistol in the small of the Prussian's back. "You're perfect," he reassured the German. "I never take prisoners with their pants on. Show us where you keep your schnapps and we'll let you buy a drink."

As daylight straggled through the low-hanging clouds a weary, hungry, battle-stained regiment enveloped the village of Cour-l'Evêque. They flanked it according to the art and rules of modern warfare. And, as they neared the houses, the officers halted the men and conferred over the ominous fact that no pickets fired upon them. They feared a trap.

At the same time a strange procession left the churchyard.

First walked a tall, handsome man in the dress uniform of the commander of a Prussian guard regiment, except that where his trousers should have been there were no trousers. This individual pushed a baby-carriage. In the perambulator was a Browning machine-gun. Behind him toiled a team of mules, hauling Pete Downey's sleeping-wagon. On the feather bed sat five cheering American soldiers.

Pete was singing in a husky, tuneless voice:

> "We're goin' to be home for Christmas,
> But nobody knows the year."

At the crest of the hill they met the first wave of the advancing infantry. A sour, dyspeptic American officer halted the procession.

"Who in hell are you and where in hell are you going?" he asked.

The Prussian dropped his hands from the handle of the baby-carriage. "Sir," he said, "I am a colonel. Please to take me from these drunken devils. Please to make them treat me like a prisoner of war."

The dyspeptic major looked at Pete. "Answer me," he shouted. "Show your identification tags. What are you doing here?"

Pete jumped to the ground and saluted.

"Sir," he replied, "I captured this village for you. I thought you might like a prisoner, so I brought him. I'm sorry he ain't a better sample."

"What right have you to take villages and prisoners?"

The Prussian almost wept from rage and humiliation. "Sir," he interrupted, "these men mocked me. All night while they drank, they made me to sing and to dance for them. They are bandits."

"Is that true?" the American officer demanded.

Pete was forced to nod. "We had some cabaret entertainment with our drinks."

"They made me to kiss the foot of their pig of a mule. Because they have named the mule for Emperor Wilhelm, they made me to kiss his hoof. The mule, he walked on me. Then they laugh and say I am honored."

"We were trying to explain democracy to him," Pete said, hoping to win a smile from the major.

"It is shameful," the American officer returned. Then he addressed the Prussian. "Why did your men let these fools drive them from the village?"

"I will explain, sir," said the German eagerly. "Had it been a regiment of my own guards, no troops could have taken the place. But they give me what? A regiment of sailors, of swines, who come from the navy and know nothings of fighting on land . . ."

"Or on the water," Pete interposed. "They've played pinochle in Kiel Harbor ever since the war started."

"Be silent," thundered the American officer.

"And these swines of sailors run themselves away because they hear this man on the street and think they have been surrounded."

"So there were sailors in the village," mused the American.

"Yes. Look you how handicapped we are, all of us who are officers in this sector. They have taken our soldiers and given sailors to us to replace them."

"I guess the sailors were as good as their officers," Pete observed. "You'd

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At the same time a strange procession left the churchyard.—Page 654.

have run too if you hadn't been afraid of the dark."

"If you were in my command I would have you flogged," said the Prussian. It was evident he meant it.

"He will be court-martialed," said the American. He turned to Pete. "Report back to your unit under arrest. I'll show you how to treat prisoners." He glared at Pete as he wrote down his name and organization. "You'll hear from me again."

Pete climbed to the seat of his cart. His four assistants had vanished. As he drove away he heard the American officer address the captured Prussian in the friendliest tones imaginable.

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"Come with me, colonel," the American invited. "I'm sorry you were abused by those thugs. I'll try and make up for it by giving you a pair of pants and some breakfast. Will you smoke?"

Pete, thinking of the court martial, drove away. "Just for that they can fight the rest of this war without me," he said to himself. Then, later: "I always did have more curiosity than intelligence."

It was a sad tale he told Sergeant Curran when he returned to the dump. "What do you s'pose they'll do to me?"

The veteran stable sergeant shook his head. "They may forget it."

"If they don't forget?"

"Not so much. Maybe five years in Leavenworth Prison."

"But I thought anybody had a right to take prisoners."

"Lemme tell you. You ain't got a right to do anything in the army. It's a worse crime to wear dirty socks than to kill a man, and you'll be in more trouble for sassin' an officer than for arson. That major had most likely figured on takin' the village himself. The only things you can do without permission is to get wet, hungry, and killed."

"Then I'm under arrest?"

"I won't put no guards on you, but stay close around the ammunition dump, so if they send for you you'll be here."

Pete painted a sign, "Guard House," on one side of his canvas-covered cart and another, "Smallpox, Keep Out," on the back. The ammunition dump was moved forward after the retreating German infantry, but day after day passed without a word said of the charges against Pete.

"Do you think he's forgotten?" Pete asked Curran every noon. Each time the old soldier replied: "It's hard to tell."

One frosty morning, after the regiment had moved to the outskirts of a town called Raucourt, not far from Sedan, the men were ordered from their blankets before sunrise to feed and water the animals. Curran counted out three oats for each mule, the cooks steamed up the rolling kitchen for breakfast, the German artillery was shelling, and the men were attempting to warm their toes by kicking stones.

"What have we got for breakfast?" Mac yelled at the greaseball cooks.

"Bacon and rice."

"If the rice would stick to our ribs like it sticks to the mess-kits, we'd get fat on it."

Just then a courier from Brigade Headquarters rode up on a motorcycle. He knew Curran and yelled at him.

"Say, you. The war's over."

An H. E. shell whistled overhead and landed on the crossroads half a mile away.

"We believe you," Curran yelled back at the courier. "Go tell it to the Germans."

"Honest it is. The order just come in. The fightin' will stop at eleven o'clock."

"I know one man who'll be happy," said Curran, as he walked to Pete's sleeping-wagon. He blew his whistle.

Pete stuck his head through the end curtain. He looked like a snapping turtle coming from his shell. His hair was in his eyes and he was half-asleep. "Gimme a cigarette," Pete ordered.

Curran moved to hand him the package.

"Naw. Put it in me mouth."

Curran complied.

"Light it."

The stable sergeant scratched a match.

"Never mind bringin' my breakfast to me," Pete said. "I'll sleep until noon."

"Snap out of it. The war's over."

"Did you disturb me on account of that?" asked Pete angrily.

"Sure. Listen, Pete. The war's over. We'll go home."

"Ain't that a shame? I hoped we'd chase 'em into Berlin."

"That's a wise crack from you, after I let you lay around and done your work on top of my own."

"To tell you the truth," said Pete wisely, "I hoped we'd keep on fightin' until that bird who put me under arrest was killed. I don't wish him any hard luck, but I'd like to read his name on a headstone."

The motorcycle courier helped himself to coffee at the rolling kitchen. He refused to eat the rice, but fried himself a hardtack in the bacon fat. When hardtacks are fried in bacon grease they swell up like a boy with mumps, and don't taste as bad as they sound if you're starved down to them.

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"By the way," he remarked to Curran, "I forgot what I come for." His mouth was full of fried hardtack. "They want Sergeant Peter J. Downey to report to headquarters at 11 o'clock."

The news of Pete's impending court-martial took all the fun from the armistice, so far as the train was concerned. Pete was more philosophical than the others.

"This will be a lesson to me," he said. "In the next war I'll go to jail the day it begins, instead of waiting until the day it's over."

Curran selected Mac and Bill as guards. The four saddled up. Every man in the regiment shook hands with Pete before he rode away.

Curran led the way into the Hôtel de Ville of Raucourt, where the headquarters units were housed. They found the personnel officer. Curran saluted him.

"Sir, Sergeant Curran reports with prisoner as ordered. From the ammunition train, sir."

"Snap out of it. The war's over." "Did you disturb me on account of that?" asked Pete angrily.—Page 656.

The captain glared at him. "Who told you to report? Who's the prisoner?"

"Courier, sir. Sergeant Downey is the prisoner. I have him here under guard."

"This is Major Johnson's case. I'll call him." The captain left the room.

Curran whispered to Pete: "Be careful when this bird comes. Prisoners don't salute. He may let you down easy."

Major Johnson appeared. The men

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stiffened to attention. The officer laughed heartily.

"I forgot you were under arrest all this time," he remarked in conversational tones.

"I didn't," returned Pete.

The major laughed again. "This is the reason I sent for you," he began, drawing a paper from the pocket of his tunic. "I happen to be divisional intelligence officer. I was with the infantry the morning you captured Cour-l'Evêque. I was very anxious to identify the units of the enemy forces we were facing and that German colonel you took prisoner gave me the information I wished. So I sent your name to the general. He published this order this morning."

Then Major Johnson read: "For great personal bravery and contempt for danger on the night of October 19th, Sergeant Peter J. Downey, 614–321, Horsed Battalion, Divisional Ammunition Train, has been awarded a croix de guerre by the French government."

"Now, sergeant," continued Major Johnson, "we hold a little ceremony here at 2 o'clock this afternoon, when a French officer will award yours and other decorations. Fall out with side arms. Permit me to congratulate you."

Pete looked blankly at him. "Why did you put me under arrest?" he asked bluntly.

"That's part of the system in the Intelligence Department," was the reply. "I always sympathize with prisoners and abuse the guards. That makes the prisoners more willing to talk. They generally put me down for a German sympathizer. I supposed that you knew it didn't mean anything."

The ammunition train went wild. That night they bought a tun of ration wine from the French soldiers, shot all the Very lights, rockets, flares, and pyrotechnics in the dump. Then they threw cases of hand grenades in the river. While this demonstration was being staged in his honor, Pete Downey lay on his feather bed in his sleeping-cart. On his tunic was pinned the coveted croix de guerre.

"For if I married and took a wife,
I'd be in a battle all my life . . .
So I know that I am safer in the arm-e-e-e,"

sang Sergeant Peter J. Downey, retired.

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To This House . . .

BY STRUTHERS BURT

To this house where I began,
Now I come again, a man;

Climb the stone steps, old and stately,
Pause before the door sedately:

Up the steps where once I ran,
Long before I was a man.

By the robin-shivered pool
Dusk has stooped to drink the cool

Waters, and the graying wind
Makes the garden reaches blind.

Deep the quiet twilight lies
In the kneeling evening's eyes.

Here in spring wistaria throws
Lilac on the unborn rose;

Here in autumn grape-vines trail
Purpling fruit of blossoms pale;

Now the hushed green summer bids
Silence for the katydids.

Quiet house where grape-vines grow,
This is the child who loved you so.

Shadow is a dangerous thing
When the heart begins to sing;

In the hall and on the stair
Shadows look from everywhere,

With the shadowy white of faces
Stirs the dark in corner places,

And the shadow of lost laughter
Clings along the hidden rafter.

Like a tiny scurrying mouse
Memory runs about the house.

In this room I used to lie
And await the sunrise sky,

Wait the wet lawns touched with light
Footprints of the passing night.

Half a score of robins nodded
Up and down the heavy sodded

Grass beneath the maple trees,
Flickering in the little breeze;

Half a score of larks were burning
Flames of sound at day's returning.

In this room I used to wait
For the moon to hesitate

Beautifully from sill to door,
And along the polished floor;

Shining sheet and shining bed,
Shining ceiling overhead,

Not in all four worlds there be
Such a shining mystery.

Silver ships with silver sails
Drifting home on silver gales.

House, O house, where grape-vines grow,
This is the child who loved you so.

Memory is no kindly friend
When remembrance is the end.

Memory is a treacherous mate
When there is no duplicate

Of the word, or look, or scene
Where the mind has happy been.

Nothing of the warm dear touch,
Memory has no trace of such.

Here in every room unwanted
Memory finds me mute and haunted;

Here in every room the clear
Unheard voices find me near. . . .

This, O house, is not to know
The little child who loved you so.

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My Memories of the Early Eighties

BY JAMES L. FORD
Author of "New York of the Seventies," "Early Memories of New England," etc.

WITH the passing of the eighth decade of the last century the city of New York appears in retrospect to have entered upon a new period of its history in an entirely new spirit. It had passed through the seventies chastened by the revelations of the Tweed ring, stunned by the financial panic of '73, sobered by the Moody and Sankey religious revival, and saddened by the Brooklyn Theatre holocaust, and it was with a sense of relief that it crossed the line into the eighties to find such utilities as the telephone, the bicycle, the typewriter, and better transit facilities awaiting development and the first of the East River bridges nearing completion. At the same time much was happening or about to happen in the little world of journalism, letters, and the theatre, and it is of those happenings that I wish to write now.

For this task I deem myself well qualified, for just as the earlier decade merged itself into the later I turned my back on a mercantile clerkship long distasteful to me and entered, through the ever-swinging gate of Park Row, the small but not the least interesting of the many worlds of which the greater world of New York is composed. At this time but few avenues to advancement were open to the New York clerk who was not the near relative of a senior partner or a bank director, and, such is the buoyancy of youth, newspaper work seemed to hold out promise of a career rich in care-free pleasure as well as material emolument. First impressions are apt to leave their indelible mark on the memory, wherefore my recollections of my novitiate during the early eighties are far more vivid than are those of much later decades.

My earliest employment was on a small weekly which gave me ample opportunity for exploring the land in which I was as yet a stranger. My duties soon brought me into close fellowship with reporters, who impressed me at first as a race apart from the rest of humanity like musicians or Californians. Seen through the spectacles of later life they seem superior to their successors of the present, for the art of reporting had not then been crippled by the modern news agencies, which collect news with a cold efficiency that leaves scant opportunity for individual talent. Nor did the numerous army of press agents rob the reporter of his space while enabling the city editor to make a record for economy.

Largely speaking, the reporter of the eighties was not a product of the great open spaces of the mid-west, but native to the soil of New York, and a respecter of the city's traditions. A nomad of urban habits, he herded with his own kind in cheap lodgings and restaurants instead of trying to bring up a large family in the suburbs. He drank more than does his successor of to-day—he could hold more, too—but he drank socially with his boon companions and not in the morose manner of the New England deacon in the hay-loft with his jug of hard cider. But his drinking and his gregarious habits served a useful purpose in bringing him into close contact with such bibulous wellsprings of news and gossip as detectives, politicians, theatrical folk, and the keepers of cafés and hotels.

I came to know many reporters by frequenting the fifty-cent tables d'hôte and from the first was impressed by the novel spectacle of young men actually interested and even zealous in their daily toil. In the commercial world on which I had turned my back, work had been looked upon as distasteful drudgery from which we were all anxious to escape, and of which we neither talked nor thought after business hours. But as we sat around the table in Maria's basement dining-room, the talk was chiefly of the "good stories"

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printed that morning, of the feats in "space-grabbing," of some conspicuous member of the city staff, and, with a generosity that at first amazed me, of the astonishing talent revealed by some very youthful cub reporter. Something of the flavor of newspaper life in the eighties is preserved in the stories of Richard Harding Davis and Jesse Lynch Williams.

The zeal with which these young men entered into the spirit of their work ceased to surprise me as soon as I learned the nature of some of their assignments and began to realize the enormous educational value of daily work on a city staff, especially in police court reporting and criminal investigating, as a preparation for a literary career. For, as Mr. Dooley's friend, the wise priest, once remarked in one of those moments of inspiration in which epigrams are born: "Sin is news and news is sin."

Crime of the first rank did not flourish in the eighties as it had before the sequel to the "car-hook murder" warned desperadoes that hanging was not, as they had long boasted, "played out in New York." There was one episode of a striking dramatic nature that was much talked of by my young friends of Park Row and reported by more than one of them. It still has a place in the city's chronicles of crime as the three-cornered duel in Shang Draper's saloon.

Mr. Draper's saloon was on Sixth Avenue between 28th and 29th Streets, a region that contained many disreputable resorts, among which his was noted for its criminal patronage. There appeared there one afternoon, whether by accident or previous arrangement no man can tell, Mr. William O'Brien, better known as Billy Porter; John Irving, and John Walsh, all men of criminal records. They recognized one another on sight and instantly a fusillade of shooting began. The only other occupants of the place at the time were a gifted young bank burglar filling a temporary engagement behind Mr. Draper's bar and a gentleman known to his intimate circle as "Gilly the Blue," a cognomen bestowed on him when, on his way to freedom through the prison sewer, he was pulled out covered with slime and looking like an Easter egg. To neither of these men was reckless revolver practice a novel experience, and at the first shot the young burglar dropped behind his bar to the floor, while "Gilly," who happened to be in the lavatory at the moment, locked the door of his retreat and assumed a like attitude.

Not until the firing ceased and the smoke was beginning to clear away did the barkeeper cautiously raise his head and peer over the edge of the bar and the other non-combatant show his pallid face. Irving and Walsh were lying dead on the ground and Mr. Porter was standing erect and unhurt, awaiting his inevitable arrest and confident that nothing could be proved against him. He was arrested but not tried, as the case was soon dropped, though it was said that owing to some quarrel over the division of loot he had employed Irving to shoot Walsh and was therefore accessory to the fact. This he denied, swearing that he had seen the men kill one another.

Journalism and literature were blood-kin in the early eighties. Perhaps it would be better to say that each was the poor relation of the other, for neither could boast of rich emoluments. The literary traditions of an elder day still survived in the leading dailies, in whose columns the thoughtful essay addressed to thoughtful readers could sometimes depend upon a welcome. Leisure, that noblest gift of the gods to a nervous and restless people, gave a healthful stimulus to fine literary work and at the same time supplied it with readers who had time to read and digest it. The good wine of letters needed no bush in the form of sprawling captions nor overadvertised signatures in those simple days.

In no paper did the ambitious reporter meet with greater encouragement than in *The Sun*, whose editor, Charles A. Dana, spent the summer on Long Island and made the journey between house and office by steamboat. A stateroom was reserved for him on the morning boat and in this he sat with the papers of the day before him. The paper he read first and with the closest attention was the one of which he was the editor, and he read it with an eye and a brain quick to detect any evidence of ability. On the margin of the pages he scribbled his comments, and the line "Pay double rate on this

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story" gave many a reporter his earliest incentive to literary work.

The annals of the eighties are rich in literary happenings, among which we note the beginnings of the ten-cent magazines and the consequent opening up of a new market for the sort of literary wares that we young fellows were trying to sell. The limited field offered by the older publications was occupied by writers of established reputation, and to "break into" *The Century* or SCRIBNER'S or *Harper's* seemed an almost impossible feat to us. It was not that the authors of reputation resented our intrusion, for those whom I knew were always ready to aid with advice and encouragement any youngster who applied to them. I trust that in another world those kindly friends have found a reward for what they endured while reading the stuff I used to submit for their approval. And in the rôle of guide, philosopher, and friend to budding talent none surpassed Mr. Howells of blessed memory.

Geographically the literary centre of the town was Union Square, on whose western side stood Brentano's bookstore still conducted by its founder, who from his raised chair at the receipt of custom sold postage-stamps and extended a welcoming hand to the incoming man of letters. I believe that Richard Watson Gilder was the pioneer of the now common custom of transforming a stable into a place of human habitation. In such a home on 15th Street east of Fourth Avenue, he dwelt when, as editor of *The Century*, he exercised an almost uncanny influence in the field of letters. In the same street, east of Second Avenue, lived Richard Henry Stoddard; his wife, the author of now forgotten novels of merit, and their son Lorimer, later known as actor and playwright. Mr. Stoddard had been a literary critic for years and his house was literally filled to overflowing with a collection of books that might have included many of the now coveted first editions of American writers, perhaps autographed copies.

At the corner of Stuyvesant Square and 17th Street was an apartment house in which dwelt Mr. and Mrs. Brander Matthews, William D. Howells, Henry C. Bunner, Richard Grant White, and Miss Cecile Bristed, the daughter of Charles Astor Bristed, author of "The Upper Ten Thousand." In another apartment house, on the west side of Washington Square, lived John A. Mitchell, founder of *Life*, and also Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop. Mrs. Lathrop, a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, entered the Roman Catholic Church and devoted her life to the care of cancer patients. Laurence Hutton was not a writer of great distinction, but he had more true friends among players and men of letters than any one I have ever known, and his home on West 34th Street was the scene of many memorable Sunday night gatherings.

These writers, together with others scattered about the town, a few painters and here and there a singer or a player of established renown and, so far as could be ascertained, of unimpeachable morals, formed a society of their own that seemed to me eminently desirable. There was another group to which we applied the term "Chromo-literary," composed of cheap actors, dubious foreign nobles, fashion writers, and a few women whose claims to social prominence were never fully investigated. In no group were the pretensions of this circle of imitation society held in greater contempt than in that composed of the artists and writers who were then making *Puck* not only an amusing publication but also one of the most powerful political organs the town has ever known. And never did that magazine's tremendous influence upon public opinion manifest itself more strikingly than in the Cleveland-Blaine campaign when the Tattooed Man cartoon dealt a crushing blow to Blaine, and was afterward declared by Mr. Cleveland to have turned the uncertain tide in his own favor.

It was in the pages of *Puck* that some of my earliest signed work appeared and I regard my association with that staff as a most valuable educational experience—one from which I learned among other things the enormous value of the cartoon as a weapon of assault and the difference between a cartoon and a mere picture, twin branches of learning in which many newspaper owners of to-day are sadly deficient.

Henry C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, was also a poet and a story-writer and con-

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tributed to the magazine's pages many of his best poems and his collection of stories called "Short Sixes." From the group of writers whom he gathered about him came the now forgotten magazine *Fiction*, consisting entirely of stories and printed in cheap form and without pictures. It was a communal enterprise, the writers contributing the matter and Keppler and Schwarzmann assuming the cost of production. Some of the matter was of a high order of merit. Bunner contributed as his share the earliest of his published novels in serial form. Park Benjamin enriched the pages with a very remarkable bit of fiction called "The End of New York," built on the lines of "The Battle of Dorking," that famous tale which aroused the British nation to a sense of threatened peril and resulted in the fortifying of the Dorking hills. Mr. Benjamin's story was reprinted by the Scribners in their "Short Stories by American Authors," where it can be read to this day by pacifists and conscientious objectors with profit to themselves. Another tale of striking merit that appeared in *Fiction* was "The Story of Tommy Tremaine," by Andrew E. Watrous, who in later years became one of the best editorial writers in Park Row, and whose memory is cherished by the few who knew and appreciated him.

The earliest of my theatrical acquaintances were the advance agents of travelling companies who did the work now required of the press-agent, a functionary then almost unknown. The advance agent made the rounds of the newspaper offices on Saturdays, asked each critic out to drink, and during the period of libation imparted confidential information regarding the high quality of his attraction and the many personal and professional excellences of his star. From the advance agent and his kind to acquaintance with the players themselves was but a single step, and as I could print laudatory paragraphs about my new friends, my social circle widened rapidly. I was liberally repaid in kind and received so much hearty congratulations on my knowledge of the stage that I imagined myself a dramatic critic, in which capacity I attended first nights that remain delightful memories of an age when the stage had not yet been put on a business basis. It was seldom that a manager, no matter what his financial straits, neglected to provide the critics with refreshments ranging from a bottle of whiskey in his office to a cold supper with much champagne. This hospitality, to which were added frequent libations between the acts, was supposed to impart a hue of rosy optimism to the spectacles through which we viewed the performance. Unemployed players and disconsolate dramatists were always in evidence on first nights and usually expressed unfavorable opinions of the entertainment.

Theatrical management was a precarious and not over-lucrative calling when I first came to know it, for the work of "commercializing" it was yet to be begun. The old-time manager, whose office was in his hat, transacted most of his business on the sidewalks of Union Square or in the saloon known to be his "hang-out." In such places companies were organized, contracts signed for printing, and bookings and boasts made of phenomenal business in the past.

It is not easy to convey to a generation that reads constantly of fifteen million mergers and million dollar theatres, an idea of the slender resources of the average manager of the ninth decade of the nineteenth century; of the enterprises launched "on a shoestring"; of the "jollying" that passed current as legal tender; of the frequent cross-country flights from sheriff and landlord. It was all part and parcel of the day's work in the seventies and eighties, as none knew better than Augustin Daly, who entered upon this, the last, lap of his long managerial journey just as the eighth decade was merging itself into the ninth.

Mr. Daly's talent displayed itself in many ways, not the least important of which was his quick eye for dramatic ability in the raw and a like aptitude for training it when found. Of two young women in his company he entertained great hopes—Miss Ada Rehan and Miss Catherine Lewis—and it was the last-named who was the first to win popular approval through the light operas produced by her manager at this time. But her stay in the company ended in one of those storms of the *avant-scène* that have

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blighted so many promising careers, and, deprived of proper guidance, she faded from public view while the star of the wiser Ada Rehan began to shine with new brilliance.

But in my opinion the best actress in the Daly Company was not Miss Rehan, but Mrs. Gilbert, who, without the advantage of youth and beauty, won for herself by the practice of her gracious art the love and respect of the play-going public. Like many another actress of her generation—Agnes Booth, for example—Mrs. Gilbert had begun her professional career in the ballet, and I recall a scene in a Daly comedy in which she amazed her audience by the grace and vigor of her dancing. She had endured much sorrow in her day but the years she spent in the Daly company playing the parts she loved, in association with actors who loved her, were a fitting crown to her long life. Once, in speaking to me of her early days and of the sorrows that had befallen her, her voice trembled and tears came into her eyes. But the mood of sadness lasted only for a brief moment. With a light touch of her handkerchief that seemed to wipe the tears from her eyes and melancholy from her heart at one stroke she said cheerfully: "But after all I ought to be thankful to the Lord for His many mercies. Why, I never get into a crowded car after the theatre that some one doesn't stand up and give me a seat and call me by name at the same time."

Another actress whom it was my good fortune to know at this time and for whose personal qualities and complete mastery of her delightful art I had and still have sincere admiration, was Agnes Booth, the wife of Edwin's brother, Junius Brutus Booth, and, later, of John Shoeffel, a Boston manager. Although of distinguished presence, Mrs. Booth could not be called a handsome woman by those shallow judges who know no standard save regularity of features. Her face was ruggedly plain, but so mobile and capable of such a wide range of expression that there were moments when it seemed transfigured by the spiritual beauty which is rarer and more appealing than the mere physical and earthly. That on the stage as elsewhere beauty is only skin deep Mrs. Booth proved to my satisfaction more than once.

Whether Agnes Booth was at her best in comedy or in serious drama is still a moot question in my mind, but that she was an actress who moved her audience to both laughter and tears and always in the right place, I knew when I was too young to distinguish between a superb technical equipment and the bag of tricks sold across the counters of the dramatic academy and employed by amateurs in the noble work of deceiving a gullible public and scarcely less gullible critics.

An event of greater significance in theatrical history, and one that has escaped the attention of owlish commentators, was the introduction to the legitimate stage of some of the ripened fruit of variety, now miscalled vaudeville, which marked the passing of the seventies into the eighties.

It was about this time that Harrigan and Hart, already well and favorably known to the millions who patronized variety theatres, began to attract from dwellers in the "silk-stocking" district something of the attention they had long deserved. They enjoyed their popularity with this element for many years until some one pronounced them "artistic," when they tottered to their fall. Coincident with the rise of this popular company was the migration of Tony Pastor from his native Bowery to Broadway for the single season of '79-'80. Yet, brief as was his stay on the main artery of stage traffic, it was long enough for him to start on the road to a wider and a more enduring renown Lillian Russell, Nat Goodwin, and May Irwin, and I well remember seeing them all in the same after-piece.

Miss Russell had graduated from the Rice chorus and she captured the hearts of New York's *jeunesse dorée*, not to mention a few of the town's *vieillesse*, as Harry Montague had captured those of the young women of the seventies. I had the good fortune to make her acquaintance early in her career and caught some reflection from her glory when I mentioned that acquaintance to awestruck youths whom I met from time to time.

Nat Goodwin was the son of an old-time Boston gambler who looked more like a New England deacon than a sport-

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ing man. In an after-dinner speech delivered in Boston toward the close of his life Nat referred to "this city, where I dwelt and my father dealt so many years." Endowed from birth with a talent for mimicry, Goodwin began his career as an imitator, gaining speedy popularity through his imitations of well-known actors. Then he gave the public a taste of his quality as an actor in a piece called "Hobbies" produced at the 14th Street Theatre early in the eighties. He and David Warfield are the only imitators I have known who became eminent actors. And Nat Goodwin lived to be recognized as one of the best legitimate actors on our stage.

Miss Irwin, the only survivor of the famous trio, did not acquire her enormous vogue until she had profited by Mr. Daly's training as a member of his company and taken the field as the star of her own band of entertainers. Scotch by descent, she has that rare and genuine humor with which her race is seldom credited. So original is she, so unlike other comedians of her sex that it has been truthfully said: "You can count the May Irwins on the stage on one finger of one hand."

Many things of serious import must have happened in the metropolitan worlds of finance, commerce, and politics during the early eighties, but, with such zeal did I note the doings in my own small field of fun and endeavor that I took no cognizance of what was going on elsewhere. I may add, moreover, that the busy toilers in other and more important fields did not interest themselves in us or in the calling by which we gained our bread. In their eyes we were "bohemians," a word seldom uttered without a sneer. Playwriting did not figure on college curriculums then nor did academic thought concern itself with the native drama. In dealing only with my own little circle I have merely stuck to my last like a wise literary cobbler.

Pan's Garden

TO E. B. W.

BY BERTHA BOLLING

Oh, happy little piping Pan—
There, in your garden close,
Shadowed by spruce boughs interlaced,
Fragrant with breath of rose—

Although your pipes are silent long,
I love to think you wait
Till evening folds your garden in,
Behind the rustic gate;

And then you play your pipes again;
And, by the fireflies' light,
Elves leap from every flower's heart,
And throng the musky night!

All day you watch the flagstones, set
Within your aisle of green—
With pipes uplifted, listening,
Till twilight comes, serene!

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

So this is London! The last time I saw it was in May, 1912. The intervening dozen years have included the far-reaching, home-searching calamity of the World War, deeply interesting to military and naval authorities, to historians, to profiteers, and desolating to everybody else. Yet to the superficial gaze of one American pedestrian, London looks exactly the same. I should not know there had been four years of patriotic ecstasy, with its counterweight of appalling horror, I should not know there had been midnight couriers of the air, I should not know there had been anything unusual. The streets are choked with peaceful traffic, the busses are jammed with laughing sightseers, the shops are apparently solvent, the expensive hotels are crowded, dancing is continuous from four in the afternoon till two in the morning, and a five-pound note lasts as long as tow in a furnace.

Yet what a fool I should be if I thought everything *was* the same. Which leads me to the unflattering but accurate conclusion that those who visit other countries and insist there is no suffering and poverty, because these cancers are not on the surface, are qualified neither to observe nor to report. A broken finger-nail is not so serious as an internal injury.

If one had the double gift of omnipresence and invisibility and could visit every English home, one would have millions of experiences that might be salutary for unthinking optimism.

The London *Times* this morning says that there have been more American tourists here this summer than ever before, which I am more willing to believe than the majority of items I see in the newspapers. Coming in mid-September, we have missed a good many thousands of them; yet yesterday afternoon Westminster Abbey was like the New York subway at the rush hours.

I nominate the west front of Westminster Abbey for the Ignoble Prize. The interior, entirely apart from its historical and literary interest, is an adequate illustration of the sublime and the beautiful; but the west façade has not a single redeeming feature. The towers are extremely unimpressive and the whole effect as ordinary as the usual factory.

It will take me a long time to make up my mind about the new Catholic cathedral at Westminster. It is certainly extraordinary and full of surprises, and at all events I admire the audacity of the architect.

We came over the sea on the new ship *Minnetonka*, of the Atlantic Transport Line, and I hope to return on the same vessel. She is a big, steady, broad-beamed boat, with abundance of deck room and four large excellent sitting-rooms. One reason why I engaged passage on her was because she goes from New York to London. There is no necessity either for a tender or a train. When you step off the ship, you are in London, and can drive to your destination in a taxi-cab, even as in New York. The voyage up the Thames is exceedingly interesting, and the manner in which the huge vessel is brought up through the locks is almost unbelievable. She turned very sharp corners; and when she was finally made fast to the King George V dock, it seemed as though she were in a *cul-de-sac*. I am glad I have not got the responsibility of extricating her from this hopeless situation. Yet as none of the officials were worried, I suppose she will leave somehow at her usual time next Saturday, going out with the tide.

The captain so absolutely looks his part that he does not appear to be altogether real. Originally he came out of Suffolk near the sea, a coast immortalized by David Copperfield; in his younger days he was under sail, and in the merchant marine visited the four corners of the earth. The winds of the seven seas

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have given his broad face a jolly color, he has a laugh that can be heard from one end of the ship to the other, and his voice has a deep salty tang, as though it had often competed with tempests.

A large number of the passengers were reading William J. Locke's new novel, "The Coming of Amos." This was the best seller on the voyage. And indeed it is a good story well told, with an excellent fable and appealing characters. The scenes are laid on the southern shore of France, and Cannes—the novelist's home—is frequently described in a manner that merits the adjective alluring. Monte Carlo and gambling play important parts. The element of contrast, so essential to drama and fiction, is abundantly provided by pitching headlong into the most sophisticated society of the globe a big unlicked cub from Australia named Amos, whose notions of table manners and polite conversation are rudimentary, but who has a heart to match his giant frame. The villain is so melodramatic, so stagy, so polished, so letter-perfect in his rôle, so unencumbered with moral ideas, that one rejoices to see him foiled at last, and his exit does more positive good to more individuals than the lifelong efforts of a professional philanthropist.

Now this is a good tale, told by an expert. One is not surprised at the prodigious popularity of Mr. Locke, because he correctly fills the prescription. The reader in search of a clean, attractive, absorbing novel is certain to find what he wants in any book signed by this fortunate author's name. One ought not perhaps to wish for more than that; one ought not to quarrel with a delightful, sprightly, charming novel, when the majority of new novels are so intolerably dull. But when I remember the early books by the same man, when I remember that "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "The Beloved Vagabond," "Septimus," and "Simon the Jester" had the qualities of high-grade professional fiction with so much more, with original wit and humor, with unexpected flashes of whimsicality, with episodes as unusual as they were diverting, I cannot help feeling a certain regret that he has "settled down."

I shall always admire Mr. Locke for a confession he made years ago. "I had rather," he said, "give up clean collars and tobacco than give up my dreams." When one thinks of the immense importance of clean linen and tobacco in the daily existence of an Englishman, one realizes the weight of such a remark.

I read during the transit another new English novel, by a man of whom I had never heard, but whose book I heartily recommend. This is "A Bishop Out of Residence," by Victor L. Whitechurch, a fitting name. It is the story of an English bishop who had a nervous breakdown and was recommended by one of his colleagues to take the curacy of a small country parish. Accordingly he doffed the ridiculous episcopal uniform, put on trousers, changed his name, and took pastoral charge of a small church in an isolated village. His adventures there were anything but restful—they included one night in jail—but they not only cured him, they taught him more than he had learned in years. He discovered that a country clergyman, who takes his work seriously, is very far from having a sinecure, in any sense of that word. He was busy every day in the week. Not only was he expected to perform many menial tasks in relation to the church—which the masked bishop had always thought were attended to by servants—but every parishioner came to him with every household emergency. He straightened out family quarrels, pulled lazy and unwilling boys out of bed, compelled farmhands to continue their toil, ran a daily school, did a dozen good deeds every day. Although the novel is cleverly written and is full of humor, its underlying purpose is to show not only to bishops but to readers the immense amount of good accomplished by honest country curates. These things "are all in the day's work." Those ignoramuses who obtain their notions of clergymen from the theatre, and those who imagine that a minister's busiest day is Sunday, and those who regard the official servants of God as chiefly decorative, ought to read this entertaining novel. It will open the eyes of many besides the bishop.

Kathleen Coyle, who succeeded in arousing some interest by her first novel, "Piccadilly," has just published a second, which ought to give her a high place among contemporary writers. This is "The Widow's House," a tragic tale which is just the opposite of sordid. It is

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a story of heartbreak, which leaves in the reader's mind a sunset glow of extraordinary beauty. This is tragedy in the true Aristotelian sense, both purging and ennobling. It is the tale of a lonely widow in a lonely town on the English coast; and it is redeemed from triviality and ugliness not only by a style of high austerity but by the sheer nobility of the heroine's character, who is quite unlearned in books and travel, but who has what Mr. Santayana calls the deeper wisdom of the heart. She is a woman well worth knowing, and I am grateful to Kathleen Coyle for creating her. This is a book that ought to be read and reread, so rich is it in meditation and in challenging ideas. It is an admirable novel, and could have come only from a wealthy mind. Apart from its power and beauty, it has a plot that will keep the reader attentive from first to last.

Charles Merz, who has written a vast number of political articles for a man so young in years, has published his first essay in fiction in a book called "Centerville, U. S. A." While this, like hundreds of other recent American novels, shows the influence of Sinclair Lewis, it has a mark of originality all its own. It is made up of sketches of small-town characters. as they appear to the eyes of a shrewd humorist. One will often experience the pleasure of recognition, for Mr. Merz is a born observer.

Let me at this point recommend two very useful books, which contain plenty of entertainment with their abundant information. One is Mr. E. E. Slosson's "Keeping Up with Science," perhaps the best work of this versatile and accomplished writer. Every one thinks he knows something about literature, and no one hesitates to advance critical judgments. But one reason for the small part played by science in table conversation is the fact that here one must really know what one is talking about; it is just possible there may be present a scientist. Mr. Slosson has the unusual gift of writing on scientific themes in a popular manner, and the equally unusual courage required for such an undertaking. He talks about everything from bodily diseases to astronomy. His book therefore is filled with information that "every schoolboy" is supposed to know, but of which most people, including schoolboys, are densely ignorant. It is written in non-technical language.

Let me interpose here by nominating for the Ignoble Prize the word "scientist" when applied to a member of the Christian Science church. I have often heard the expression "She is a scientist," meaning she believes in Christian Science. I imply nothing in the least derogatory to that organization when I say that such an appellation is grotesque. She has no more right to that title than I have.

The other useful book, which comprises vast and important information in an exceedingly small compass, is "Architecture in England," by Cyril Davenport. This is by an expert, and is as clear to the lay mind as is the style of Mr. Slosson. The text is greatly assisted by pictures, which make every definition visible. It is particularly valuable to me in my present emergency, but I can assure readers who are far from these scenes that they will find it enjoyable.

Those who like to read plays will find happiness in a new comedy by J. H. Turner, called "Lilies of the Field." In view of certain recent performances in New York, the title may have an unsavory odor; but this play is undiluted fun. The twin girls are so attractive that they remind me of Archibald Marshall's "twankies" in the Clinton stories, and I can at this moment think of no higher praise than that.

Walter Prichard Eaton, whose dramatic criticisms in the old New York *Sun* I used to read in preference to all others, and who has since published many good books on the theatre, has added one better than his previous best, called "The Actor's Heritage," fully illustrated. What I particularly like about him is his unquenchable enthusiasm for the theatre. Although an experienced and shrewd critic, he is not "hard-boiled"; every time he goes to see a new play it is as though it were his own first night as well. Naturally, I like this attitude, because it is mine. The moment before the curtain rises I always feel like a child on Christmas Eve.

An extremely good book on the drama has just been published by the brilliant dramatist, St. John Ervine, best known in

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America by his two plays so magnificently acted by the Theatre Guild—"John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg." Never shall I forget Dudley Digges in the first and Margaret Wycherley in the second. His new work, composed of lectures delivered at Liverpool, is "The Organized Theatre," and while I regret to see so much of it taken up with polemics against my friend Stark Young, who is now the professional critic of the New York *Times*, the constructive portions of the book are admirable. I am wholly with him in his insistence that the dominating feature in theatrical productions is the play itself. This is a quarrel that goes back to the days of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones, and Mr. Ervine's resentment is as deep-seated as that of old Ben himself. No amount of scenery or the absence of it can ever take the place of the play. The play's the thing. It is a delight to see excellent stage management, clever lighting, adequate scenery, and a well-trained group of actors. But if I had to choose, I had always rather see an excellent play badly presented than any amount of triviality beautifully done. Even the worst acting and the most ludicrous scenery cannot conceal the lines of a great drama, any more than ill-fitting clothes can ruin a splendid figure. I go to the theatre to see plays, not shows.

American tourists are not the only American objects that are invading London. At the present moment there are on exhibition at the London theatres "Morals," by Jules Eckert Goodman; "It Pays to Advertise," by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett; "So This is London," by George M. Cohan; "The Fool," by Channing Pollock; "The Nervous Wreck," by Owen Davis; "In the Next Room," by Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford, while other plays that were first seen in America have been transferred hither with the original American cast. I suppose the only reason that better plays of American authorship are not given here is because they are so difficult to find. An American success on the London stage is not an uncommon spectacle; but how thrilling it would be to see a great American play on any stage!

Well-known English authors whose plays are being given in London this season are Bernard Shaw, whose "Saint Joan" has made a tremendous impression; Arnold Bennett, Eden Phillpotts, Ian Hay, A. A. Milne, and Somerset Maugham. Apart from "Saint Joan," however, none of the new dramas is of any especial significance. There is nothing to write home about.

Bernard Shaw, like the planet Mars, is brighter in 1924 than in any previous year of human remembrance. In London, "Saint Joan" and "Back to Methuselah" hold the stage; in Paris, "Fanny's First Play" and "Candida"; while in Germany at least twenty of his works are frequently produced. What French audiences make of "La première pièce de Fanny" I can only dimly imagine.

The accomplished critic S. K. Ratcliffe, stirred by my remarks in SCRIBNER'S on the grammar of the Authorized Version of the Bible, attempted to "start something" in the Manchester *Guardian* by citations and comments; but there was little response. The reason is, I suppose, that to its readers the Manchester *Guardian is* the Bible. Certainly, many of its articles are inspired.

The latest accession to the Fano Club is John J. Meloy, Jr., a Yale undergraduate; while Asolo has recently been visited by Mrs. H. D. Auchincloss, Miss Annie Burr Auchincloss, and Elizabeth Lee Dodge.

The Reverend Frank T. Townsend, of Buckhannon, West Virginia, nominates for the Ignoble Prize, the Koran, stating that Carlyle declared no one had ever read it through. I remember trying to read it many years ago. I shall never try again.

I have always been annoyed by any clerk in a store who tells me impressively that the price to *me* is so and so. I was highly pleased by a letter I received from Winifred Russell, of Gordonsville, Virginia, who writes that in a country store the merchant, insisting upon a sale, said: "'As it is *you* I will let you have this for only two dollars and a half.' 'And who am I?' I asked, hoping that fame had at last cornered me. 'I—I haven't the least idea!' he answered."

Frederic F. Van de Water, whose criticisms of new books in the New York

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Herald Tribune I always read with interest, has uncovered another insult to astronomy in a novel called "Fulfillment," by Elizabeth Newport Hepburn. F. F. V. comments as follows:

> Toward the latter half of the book, the sin-scored hero and the woman on whom he finally bestows his affection, after several trial flights, sit on the side of a hill to watch the moon rise. The sun sets, dusk comes up, but before they have to go home to supper the moon appears—"a silver sickle at first, old, worn silver, until, glowing brighter and brighter, it became a curved golden bow. In the divine quiet, the one sound they heard was the distant murmur of the brook."
>
> We doubt the authenticity of this scene. [I wish he had said I.] We don't think the lovers could have heard the murmuring of the brook. If a silver sickle of a moon were to rise in the east early in the evening, such trivial sounds as murmuring brooks would be blotted out completely by the anguished wail arising from astronomers and makers of almanacs who had discovered that all their life-work had been for nothing.

All novelists should follow Stevenson's vow: not to write fiction without an almanac.

Mr. Allan Nevins, who writes extremely good columns on books in the New York *Sun*, makes an entertaining comment on the fact that in the September SCRIBNER'S I praised four books, every one of which was written by a Yale graduate. In reply, I can only say two things, after a plea of guilty. First, it is he, and not I, who stated that these men are graduates of Yale; thus it is he, and not I, who gives Yale the advertising, more valuable when it comes from a source outside the university. Second, I am always on watch for the best new books, no matter where they come from. I had far rather read a good book written by a Harvard man than a bad book written by a Yale man, just as I had rather hear a tenor of bad moral character sing beautifully than hear a deacon sing off the pitch. But if the Yale men will insist on writing all the best new books, what is an absolutely unprejudiced critic like me to do?

One of the most brilliant and amusing novels of the present year is "The Unseemly Adventure," by Ralph Straus. Twelve years ago I remember reading a novel by him called "The Prison Without a Wall," which seemed to exhibit distinct promise. This promise has been more than fulfilled in his latest book, which, indeed, might have borne the same title as the earlier, for the hero is imprisoned in a set of conventions and social inhibitions whose invisible bars can be broken at any moment by the mere exercise of will. Salvation comes to him in the person of a grotesque, Falstaffian vagabond, who, while he must be called an original character, reminds me more than a little of the fat, alcoholic Mr. Puddlebox of A. S. M. Hutchinson's "The Clean Heart." It will be remembered by those who know Mr. Hutchinson's merry tale that the drunken and disreputable Puddlebox saved the over-wrought hero from a severe case of nervous prostration. I should like to hear from any readers who believe that the resemblance is not accidental. I confidently recommend "The Unseemly Adventure," as its mirth is so spontaneous that I do not see how any one can resist it. It is a romance of the road, of which species of fiction there have been examples innumerable; this is a particularly good one.

An extremely valuable addition to the steadily increasing literature surrounding the name of William Blake is a tall, thick volume by S. Foster Damon, called "William Blake. His Philosophy and Symbols." Many years have been devoted to its preparation, and they have been well spent. All who are interested in the poetry, pictures, and philosophy of Blake will find this work a veritable mine of information. And while it is a kind of glorified doctor's thesis, it is something more than scholarly; it contains literary criticism of permanent value. Perhaps I can best describe Mr. Damon's book by saying that every subsequent student of Blake will find it essential.

The Reverend Gordon Poteat, who has been for years a missionary in China, has produced a modestly slender volume, "Home Letters From China," which, in more or less diary form, gives an accurate and interesting account of the daily life and work of a foreign missionary. Its unpretentiousness is disarming.

The remarks I made on Soloism in previous issues were from one point of view strikingly confirmed in London yester-

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day. Little Jackie Coogan arrived on the *Leviathan*—a dramatic contrast in itself—and came to this hotel. I took a short walk in the Strand, and on my return I thought the hotel was on fire. There was an enormous crowd in front of it, which blocked the pavements. They wished to see the famous personage. Later in the day, he was taken to the place where occurs daily the picturesque changing of the guard. His motor-car was rushed by women; they climbed onto the running-boards, and insisted on grabbing his small frame. Four policemen finally succeeded in pushing them off; and it was necessary to take the actor into the building, whence he escaped by a secret passage. Such is the appeal of Solosim; such is the power of advertising. What do I think of all this? I hate to say.

A far more amazing thing is happening in London this morning. The sun is shining. The effect of climate on national temperament and national literature can hardly be overestimated. No wonder we Americans, who live in sunshine, have more ebullience than the British. If nearly every morning of our lives we woke to the accompaniment of drizzling rain, we should certainly become less expansive, less superficially cordial, more stolid. Brilliant sunshine makes one feel like greeting every stranger as though he were an old friend; whereas the chronic lack of it makes one feel like greeting old friends as though they were strangers. The autumn, which is all blue and gold in America, is here gray, dull, brown, and wet. Thus the very idea of autumn is entirely different in English literature from its reality in America.

More and more Englishmen are dreading the autumn and the approach of winter; more and more they are discovering that the boasted open fire is as inadequate for heating a house as it would be for heating the front yard. Letters are now being written in *The Times* on this theme; one correspondent this morning reminds his readers that the Romans used to heat their floors, and suggests that Englishmen follow the classic precedent. He thinks it is not absolutely necessary that everybody here should have chilblains, catarrh, and sciatica. Americans should be forever grateful for two things: the sunshine without and the furnace within.

Yet we never get foreign credit for our glorious sky. For centuries British writers have celebrated the beauty of Italian sunshine, because that was the only kind they knew. As a matter of fact, the sky over Florence is not a shade more blue than the sky over Bridgeport. But as we have it so often, we forget what a blessing it is. I once asked a Scotsman, who had emigrated to America, what was the chief thing in the new country which impressed him by its difference: "The blue sky." Then he told me that during his twenty-five years in Scotland, he had never seen one day without clouds.

On the streets of London, you can tell an American from an Englishman by looking at his feet. The American wears the thin low shoes he brought from home; the Englishman wears heavy high laced shoes—he calls them boots—with soles an inch thick. He has to.

In the year 1698 the Reverend Jeremy Collier made his famous attack on the immorality and profaneness of the English stage. All the dramatists retorted angrily except Dryden, who owned up, like the honest man he was. Various explanations and excuses were offered by the others; but the most original was that given by William Congreve. This accomplished gentleman blamed it all on the weather. He said that in countries warmed by sunshine it was not necessary to have a racy literature; but in England the climate was so depressing that the dramatists were in duty bound to furnish any means of entertainment that would help the spectators to forget their environment. This is the only occasion, so far as I know, where the weather has been used as an excuse for immoral plays.

To-day, however, the sun is shining. From my window, which overlooks the magnificent sweep of the river, I can see the splendid towers of the Houses of Parliament and the commonplace towers of Westminster Abbey glowing in the impartial light.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

LAST Spring there was held in New York an exhibition which set me thinking anew on an old subject. This has been with me often since, and I recur to it with peculiar sympathy at the present season of the year. The exhibition was one at the Young Gallery of pictures by Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray and the subject they brought up was that of religious painting. The artist dealt with the life of Christ. He did so in a remarkably persuasive manner. Mr. Mowbray is a good draftsman and a good designer. His episodes were composed with both dignity and vitality, and his justly organized groups were set against a deep blue background realistically enough and at the same time with a decorative felicity recalling the traditions of Pinturicchio and the earlier Florentines. This was a fairly long and well-sustained flight in Biblical illustration. There were fifteen panels given to the main theme, with several others allied to the series. They were beautiful and convincing. They disclosed true devotional emotion. Their technical merits, too, were impressive, but what especially interested me was that they should have been painted at all, that in the present period, dedicated to the apotheosis of materialism, an artist should arise devoting himself to the delineation of purely spiritual realities. The incident revived the whole problem of religious art and the change which has come over its fortunes with the passing of the centuries.

♣ ♣ ♣

I REMEMBER puzzling over this problem years ago in the sacristy of the cathedral at Montauban before that "Vow of Louis XIII" which is one of the most ambitious of the religious paintings of Ingres. I am an Ingres man and ready, I suppose if anybody is, to meet him halfway. But I confess that despite the elements of grandeur in this composition it would not occur to me to cite it among the great pictures of the Madonna. He returned to Scriptural subjects again and again. Witness the "Christ before the Doctors" at Montauban. Witness the "Virgin and the Sacred Host" in its two versions, one of them in the Louvre, or the "Christ Committing to Peter the Keys of Paradise" in the same museum. But I have never seen those things without amusedly recalling the retort of Ingres when Thiers tried to prove to him that the Madonnas of Raphael constituted his chief title to fame. "I would give them all," cried the artist "for a fragment of the 'Disputa.'" Who would not give all of the religious paintings by Ingres for one of his nudes? For my own part I feel that way not only about Ingres, but about most of the more devoutly-minded men of his generation and later in France and in England, too. Flandrin and Ary Scheffer were elevated spirits but never triumphant masters. Puvis alone climbed the heights, yet, when all is said, one reveres him rather as a great decorator than as an interpreter of Scriptural story; his indubitable inspiration is poetic rather than divine. When you glance cursorily over the rank and file in France you are arrested here and there by interesting things. You note a memorable Madonna by Dagnan-Bouveret. You find Cazin, of all people in the world, painting a "Hagar and Ishmael." You discover Béraud portraying a Biblical scene in sensationally modern terms, or you come upon the famous illustrations of Tissot. Bouguereau once painted a Madonna in his polished academic way and it wasn't a bad picture—in its polished academic way. I could go on indefinitely enumerating French excursions into this field. But hardly any of them are fundamentally pertinent to this discussion. I can recall only two modern Frenchmen who have seemed to me to be imbued with authentic religious emotion. One of them was Millet, when he painted "The Angelus." The other is that brilliant satirist of our own time, Forain, who has drawn from the Bible

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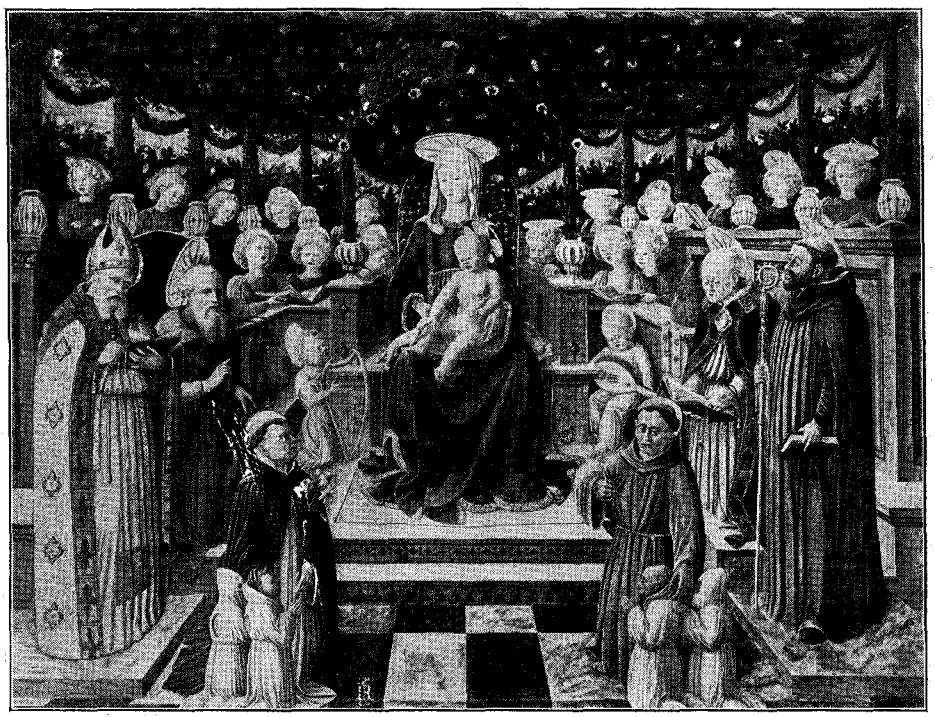
compositions of a Rembrandtesque poignancy.

The failure of England in this matter is curious, for the genius of the race, addicted in literature at least to the play of ideas, would seem to be peculiarly favorable to the development of religious painting. Why did not George Frederick Watts conclusively prove it? To the painter of "Love and Death," to say nothing of divers other imaginative conceptions, it would seem as if anything might have been possible. And why did not the Pre-Raphaelites put the subject on a firmer basis? Holman Hunt created a certain furore in his own country with "The Light of the World." One of the best of Rossetti's paintings is one of the earliest, his charming "Ecce Ancilla Domini" of 1850. But in England as across the Channel the status of religious art is essentially subordinate. It is a striking historical circumstance—in the assertion of which I might or might not have foreign support—that the greatest religious painting of our own time was produced by an American, the late John La Farge. His "Ascension" in the church of that name in New York is a veritably sublime work of art. We are a strange people, sometimes very slow to appreciate our own, and I am not at all sure that as many Americans know of this masterpiece as know of, say, Munkácsy's "Christ before Pilate." But I would defy anybody to name any religious painting of its epoch anywhere in the world that is comparable to it in beauty and grandeur. I can hear some reader murmuring at this point: "Well, if an American was the greatest religious painter of his time, why isn't America the scene of more and better religious painting?" There is an obvious answer. It is only once in so often, anywhere, that a John La Farge is born. Incidentally, that answer excites many reflections on the broad problem to which I have referred, the relation of religious painting to a given period.



The Virgin and Child Enthroned.
From the painting by Giovanni Boccati in the Museum at Perugia.

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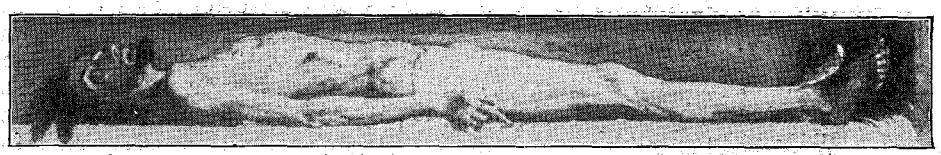
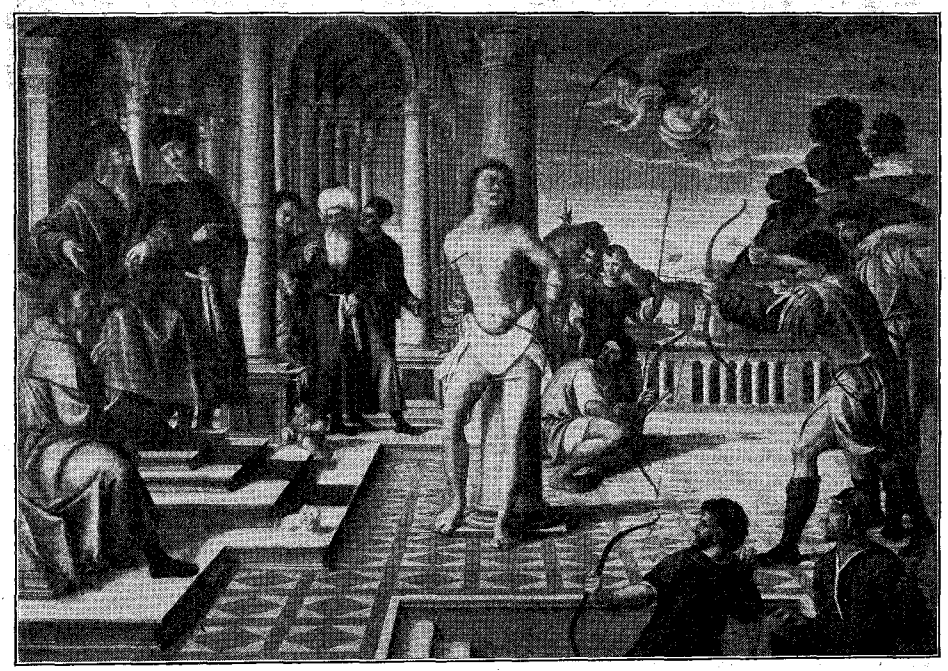


The Dead Christ.

From the painting by Hans Holbein in the Museum at Bâle.

IT has often, I think, been grievously misunderstood because of the error made in ascribing to a given period a talismanic potency that it never possessed. The unwary student, happily beguiled by the glamour of an innocent world, conceives of mediæval mysticism as a kind of holy elixir imbibed by generations of painters. It is as easy as it is delightful to fall into this misconception. Certain types like the Sienese and Florentine Primitives irresistibly invite it. An age of faith and nothing else is mirrored in the tenderness of a Duccio or a Giotto. There is something pervadingly celestial about early Italian art. The pictures of Fra Angelico are of so much saintliness all compact, and the man is as childlike as the spirit of his immortal work. Seeing the tremendous force of religious exaltation by which his art and that of a host of his contemporaries were energized, it is natural to assume that exaltation as exclusively animating a school. The student comes to think of it as a kind of general, communal possession. It was, as a matter of fact, an element depending for its perfect exploitation wholly upon the individual, a truism which, as I have said, is sometimes overlooked.

These observations are assuredly not directed at the revival of ancient scandals. I have no disposition to dip the brush in earthquake and eclipse, retelling sad stories of the death of private reputations. But I may be permitted to touch upon the classical instance of Fra Filippo Lippi and his well-known levity. Vasari has some



The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian.

From the painting by Girolam' Santa Croce in the Museum at Berlin.

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The Supper at Emmaus.
From the painting by Rembrandt in the Louvre.

drastic things to say upon the painter's more earthy mood and adds the following passage: "When he was in this humor he gave little or no attention to the works that he had undertaken; wherefore, on one occasion Cosimo de Medici, having commissioned him to paint a picture, shut him up in his own house, in order that he might not go out and waste his time; but after staying there for two whole days one night he cut some ropes out of his bed-sheets with a pair of scissors and let himself down from a window, and then abandoned himself for many days to his pleasures." A scurvy wretch, no doubt, as he lives in the pages of Vasari or in Browning's poem—and how he lives in his works! Human, in short, one of the most human creatures that ever lived! It is for that that I signalize him. It is not his peccadilloes that make him representative but his humanness; he was a man before he was a mystic.

It is the story of the whole of Renaissance painting. Religious exaltation was a part, but only a part, of religious painting at its zenith, and sometimes it was only vicariously present, so to say. I can imagine the words of John Milton on the lips of Fra Angelico:

> "—What in me is dark
> Illumine, what is low raise and support;
> That, to the highth of this great argument,
> I may assert Eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men."

I cannot for the life of me imagine this cry from the depths on the lips of, for

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example, Titian, the bosom friend of Aretino. One must lay hold of another clew to the majesty of great religious painting. You find it, looking to the human aspect of the question, in the conception of the painter as primarily a craftsman and a temperament. The church was there to supply the theme and the occasion. The artist was there to make the most of both according as he was a man of imagination and, transcendently, a man of his hands. There is no such thing, says Swinburne, as an inarticulate poet. There is no such thing as a great painter who cannot paint—and paint superlatively well. He must feel, too, he must have creative power, yet the tale of his exploits is all sound and fury if it is not a tale of his craftsmanship. I know of no more moving illustration than that supplied by what is, I suppose, the most famous religious picture in the world, the Sistine Madonna. By some fantastic slip of the memory Ingres must have forgotten that when he offered to give all of Raphael's Madonnas for a fragment of the "Disputa." He was thinking of Raphael as the prodigious designer, draftsman, and master of form, and he forgot for the moment that in the Sistine Madonna Raphael is the consummate exemplar of all three elements. The picture survives as a triumph of religious

Christ in the Manger.

From the painting by Marco Palmezzano in the Museum at Berlin.

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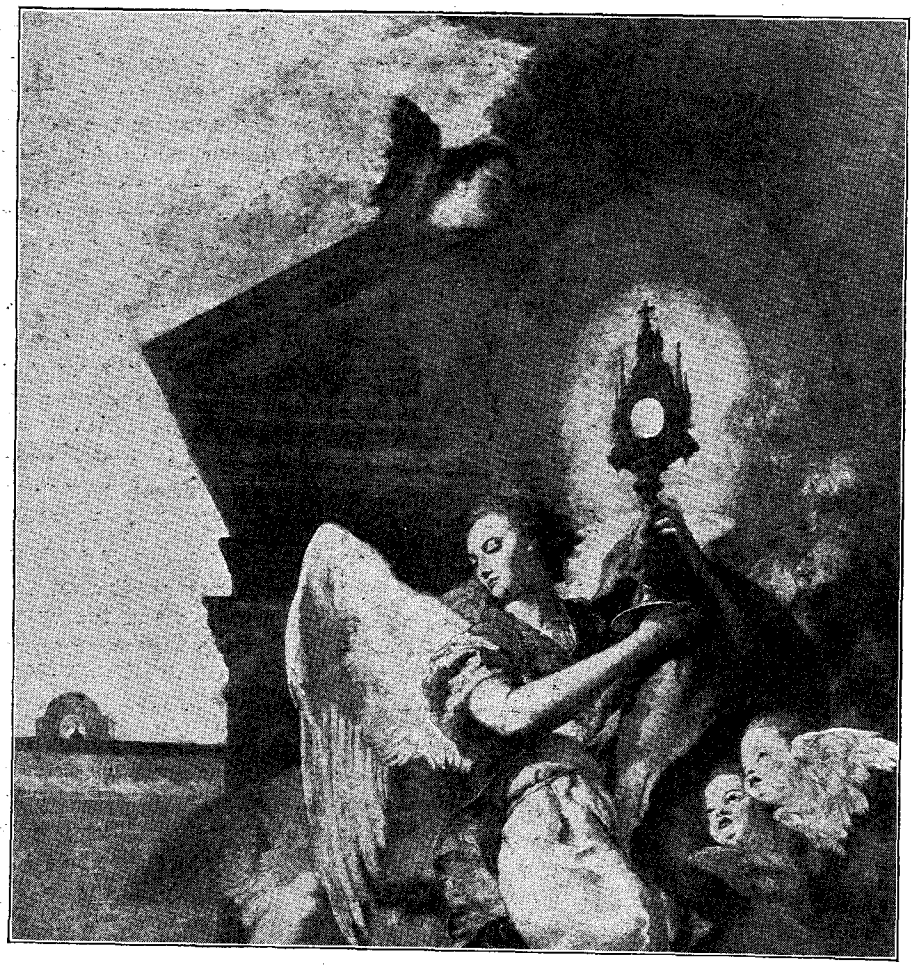
exaltation and an interpretation of divine motherhood chiefly because, to express it bluntly, it is so magnificently and monumentally put together, because the man who made it was so intensely the artist.



The Eucharist.
From the painting by Tiepolo in the Prado, at Madrid.

RELIGIOUS art is so much the more quickly and refreshingly appreciated if one begins by grasping it from within in these more tangible aspects of its character. Its beauty is the more thrilling as it deepens and takes on more of spiritual mystery, but that very mystery only grows the more enkindling as you search out the fabric of personal and technical traits on which it rests. It is an article of my belief that the artist as artist is paramount, that he is greater than the school, the movement, the epoch, and I would transpose the familiar phrase "adventures among masterpieces" into "adventures among artists." Inevitably and in a measure justly you read into a painting of a given period the pressure of external influences. All the time you have to reckon also with the strength of personality and the play of taste. How crushingly this sometimes overrides the sway of convention! There hangs in the museum at Bâle one of the masterpieces of Holbein, his "Dead Christ." It is for me one of the most beautiful things in sixteenth-century painting, a miracle of

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draftsmanship and modelling. It has tragic pathos, too. But it comes straight from the charnel-house, and you trace in it not so much of religious emotion as you do of the canny, clear-eyed Holbein, the man with a passion for form that had about it something of scientific objectivity. To turn about this phenomenon of personalized artistry, like a many-faceted jewel in one' shand, go from Bâle to Milan and hunt up Mantegna's "Pieta" in the Brera. Again you behold a dead body, but this time the connoisseur of form who has drawn it is one who has not paused in the charnel-house but has spent a lifetime in the company of antique marbles. This painting, too, has pathos, but it is the personal equation of the artist that in the long run validates it; what we are first and last conscious of is just the idiosyncrasy of Mantegna, wreaked upon a special accent in the treatment of form. The student will be repaid who will pursue this motive as it is exposed in the works of this or that master. Let him pass from Holbein to Mantegna and from Mantegna to that ineffable "Pieta" of Michael Angelo's at St. Peter's. Let him contrast Michael Angelo's handling of form with Signorelli's, or with that characteristic of Rubens's. Just as one voice in a choir differs from another in color so you find the style differing as you go from one passage in the great symphony of form to another. Once in his closing years La Farge walked through the Louvre with a medical friend, who, from time to time, felt his pulse. Afterward the doctor said that, trusting merely to this indicator, he could tell which picture had most affected the artist. It was, he said, the famous "Dead Christ" from Avignon. "And," said La Farge to me, "he was right." The authorship of that painting has been much in debate, but I have no doubt about the source of my friend's emotion. If he owed it to the theme he owed it even more to the genius of the French Primitive.

Gethsemane.
From the painting by H. Siddons Mowbray.

Brander Matthews, by the way, once gave me a suggestive anecdote on this matter of the invincible persistence of personality. He and La Farge were talking at the dinner-table about the Morellian hypothesis and the painter said:

> Let us suppose the testing of a picture of my own sometime many years hence. The Morelli of the future might look at it narrowly and after a while conclude that the hands and eyes in the picture showed a Japanese conception of form. He would remember that I had kept a workshop, a *bottega*, after the old Italian fashion, and he would have heard that I had had Japanese people with me. So he would say that the picture was a studio piece, the work of a Japanese assistant. Then the Berenson of that day would come along and look it all over very carefully and get much interested in the spirituality of the face. He would say that there was something very soft, very feminine about it, and he would wind up by attributing it to Miss So-and-So, another pupil.—But it would be a La Farge, all the same.

It is by reference to La Farge also and to his experience in the making of his masterpiece, the painting of "The Ascen-

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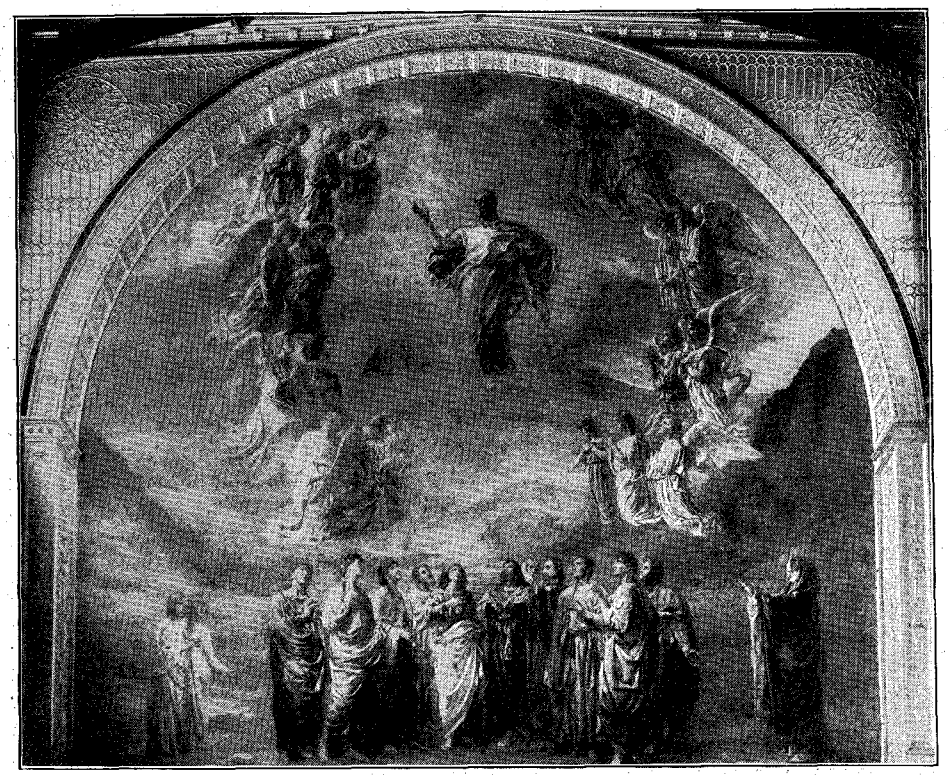

The Ascension

From the painting by John La Farge in the Church of the Ascension, New York City.

sion" I have already mentioned, that I may throw a little further light on the profoundly personal origin of a work of art. He wrote me a long letter about it, describing his methods, how he studied the matter of proportioning his figures to the given space, how he pondered over the naturalistic appearance which he wished to establish in the landscape, and so on. In the effort to make some of his figures look at their ease floating in the air, "I studied what I could," he wrote me, "of the people who are swung in ropes and other arrangements across theatres and circuses." He had certain geometric conditions in his mind which his composition had to meet if it was to make the right pattern in the space awaiting it. The landscape especially troubled him and on this point there is a passage in his letter which I must quote intact:

> At that moment I was asked to go to Japan by my friend, Henry Adams, and I went there in 1886. I had a vague belief that I might find there certain conditions of line in the mountains which might help me. Of course the Judean Mountains were entirely out of question, all the more that they implied a given place. I kept all this in mind and on one given day I saw before me a space of mountain and cloud and flat land which seemed to me to be what was needed. I gave up my other work and made thereupon a rapid but very careful study, so complete that the big picture is only a part of the amount of work put into the study of that afternoon. There are turns of the tide which allow you at times to do an amount of work incredible in sober moments; as you know, there are very many such cases; I do not understand it myself. When I returned I was still of the same mind. My studies of separate figures were almost ready and all I had to do was to stretch the canvas and begin the work.

Now this artist had one of the richest minds and one of the subtlest souls ever known in art. His "Ascension" is the noblest work of his extraordinary imagination. Its appeal is that of religious painting in its highest estate. Yet you see from the foregoing out of what human perplexities and expedients it was devel-

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oped. And if I allude to La Farge's procedure it is not of course to deny him a spiritual inspiration and to contrast his methods with those of the Old Masters, but, on the contrary, to emphasize his solidarity with them. A great religious painting grew under his hands precisely as it grew under the hands of a Titian or even a Leonardo. We talk about the man of action as though he had traits decisively separating him from the artist. The artist is a man of action in that at least while a dreamer he is also a doer, a maker. La Farge, slowly fashioning his picture so that it might become an organic part of an architectural ensemble, sends me back with a heightened sympathy to the great company of his august predecessors. I seem only to apprehend a more vital character in the beauty of their works when I trace behind their unquestioned mysticism endless traits of a more mundane and personal origin.

I love to watch the natural every-day habit of mind belonging to a Ghirlandajo or a Carpaccio adjusting itself to a realistic gait and achieving its pleasant, friendly narrative effects without any thought of the emotions indispensable to the Primitives. I love to observe Fra Angelico's affection for the flowers and Crivelli's artless sumptuosity. It is delightful to savor the wistfulness of Botticelli, the paganism of Mantegna, the intellectuality of Raphael, the sheer splendor of Titian, the *terribilita* of Michael Angelo, the dramatic fire in Tintoretto, the inexhaustible bravura of Tiepolo, and so on through the long list of what I would not call phases of religious painting but just the individualized moods of men. Consider the increased intimacy with religious art which we gain through this mode of approach. It is a mistake to be too metaphysical, too recondite in the study of religious painting. It is a mistake to assume that at some places in the morning of the modern world, in Italy, in Flanders, or elsewhere art sat at the feet of the church and profited by a mystical laying on of hands. Even on that hypothesis it is to be noted that the religious inspiration depends for its fortunes utterly upon the caprice of fate that illumines one man and not the other. Look at Spain. There is something like religious ecstasy in the paintings of Zurburan and again in those of El Greco, whereas the religious compositions of Velasquez are negligible, though he was, as a painter, the master of them all. Look at the Low Countries. They were the scene of the most pronounced realism, yet the tenderness of the Van Eycks is unsurpassed and Rembrandt was one of the most moving religious painters of all time, as witness alone his "Supper at Emmaus" in the Louvre. It all comes back to the generosity of the gods, who may or may not project into the world a man with the genius of religious painting in him. A long time ago they dowered the earth with numbers of such masters. They and not their time account for what they did. Let us not forget, either, that most of these men were also great mural painters, great portrait-painters, as much at home with a secular as with a sacred subject—in other words simply great masters of a craft. This may not be an age of faith, but if a master arose to-morrow, a man of ideas and imagination, emotional and creative, wielding a compelling brush, he could fill the churches with immortal illustrations of the divine story. The case of La Farge's glorious picture proves that.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 21.

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